

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1917

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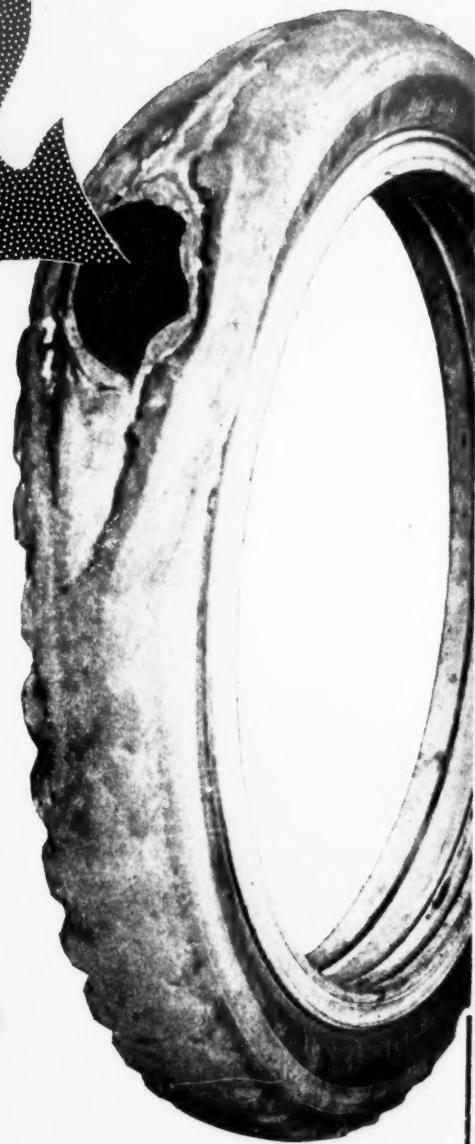


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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Playing the Kaiser's Game

By William Marion Reedy

AS matters now stand, the breaking off of relations between this country and Germany is of vast help to Germany in the prosecution of the war.

So long as no ships, or a very few, sail from our shores bearing food or munitions to the Entente Allies, the effect is that of an embargo. We are aiding in the isolation of Great Britain.

The President refrains from arming our merchantmen for protection against submarines. Insurance rates mount. Ships are practically interned. Our commerce is stopped. It is swept from the sea.

For as long as we refrain from asserting our rights upon the sea as neutrals we give Germany a splendid opportunity to try out her method of submarine warfare for the reduction of Great Britain to the point of starvation.

We could not more effectively have warned United States citizens to keep off belligerent vessels than by breaking relations with Germany. This is a thing which pro-Germans said we should have done before the *Lusitania* sailed to her doom.

Therefore it is strange to read and hear that Germany and our own pro-Germans resent the President's action in handing Count Bernstorff his passports and instructing Ambassador Gerard to ask for his. Germany should be very well content with our action so far.

It is denied from Berlin that the German government will enter into any further communications with us concerning the declaration of a closed sea about the ports of the Allies. The denial is probably true. The business of Germany just now is to prosecute the relentless sub-sea warfare as vigorously as possible while this government is making up its mind what to do next. With no American ships or few on the sea, there is no likelihood that the undersea boats of the Central Powers will commit the "overt act" which we await with such remarkable calm as the possible justification for our proceeding to extremes of action.

To the mind of an observer it cannot but seem that the blockade order—though it is not strictly speaking a blockade order—is in itself an "overt act." Its effect is to deny to our commerce that freedom of the seas for which Germany professes to be fighting.

That the effect is one with purpose to that end is fairly deducible from Germany's actions. She expected the order to result in war. Her ships interned in our harbors were generally rendered useless by the action of her crews who had evidently been instructed in advance. The interposition of delays upon the departure of our Ambassador at Berlin, amounting to a tentative holding of him and his entourage and other American citizens as hostages for the security of Count Bernstorff, was an extreme example of preparedness for war. The attempt to coerce Mr. Gerard into signing a treaty assuring security of German property in this country in the event of war, after relations were broken off, when he had asked for his passports, was an act for parallel to which we must look to the history of the Boxer uprising in China some years ago when the rebels impounded the foreign embassies.

However suavely and plausibly German officialdom may palaver us, it is clear that Germany expected the order for general submarine frightfulness to result in war. She was ready for it—ready, ap-

parently, to sink her ships in our harbors and thus more effectively blockade our ports.

As one looks at it all it must be evident that the President, so far from acting precipitately as some of the pacifists and all the pro-Germans aver, has exercised a phenomenal forbearance under great provocation, in saying no more than that he will enter into no further communications with Germany until she shall have renewed the assurances she gave of intention to observe the rules of international law with regard to warning of ships, in reply to the President's note in the matter of the *Sussex*.

It is semi-officially stated that Germany will not renew those assurances, so there would seem to be nothing else for this country to do but to regard the declaration as a virtual act of war, unless indeed we are to content ourselves with mere protest and keep our commerce at home lest it incur attack by German submarines or sea-raiders.

There is no doubt that the people of this country do not want war with Germany. It is doubtful though that the people of this country will be content to keep its commerce off the sea and relinquish all its maritime rights as a neutral under clearly-defined international law at the orders of the German government.

To-day this country stands before the world with its sea business paralyzed in obedience to the orders of a foreign power. We are forced into aiding one set of European belligerents against another. This is quite a different thing from the accidental fact that the fortunes of war so worked out as to enable us to supply, as was our right as neutrals, one set of belligerents as against another whose merchant marine had been driven off the seas by its antagonists. In the latter case we were permitted to do this by the operation of international law. In the former we are forced to aid one side as against another in violation of international law.

But setting aside all consideration of our relation to the interest of one side or the other, the most important thing to consider is that Germany's order results in a kind of humiliation to us. We are a sovereign neutral power shut off from the prosecution of our business on the high seas. Our foreign commerce is stagnated. Our domestic commerce is congested. Belligerent vessels have sailed under convoy. Our neutral vessels are tied up. The embargo is in operation, but the embargo is not declared by ourselves. It is put upon us by Germany.

No self-respecting nation can be expected to submit to such a condition. If it does so it abandons its sea business, paralyzed in obedience to the dictates imposing the restrictions. War is terrible but there are worse things than war, and such national humiliation is one of them. The United States should not be governed by Germany as Holland and Denmark are governed. The United States should assert its rights with all the force at its command.

It is not suggestive of honorable dealing on the part of Germany that just at this time her game should be palpably played by the Carranza government of Mexico. Carranza comes forward with a proposal to the nations to establish an embargo upon munitions and food supplies to the belligerents, when this country's position has been made clear that such an embargo would be an unneutral act that could only operate against the Entente, an act that would change the rules of warfare established before the war began. In view of the persistent rumors that German influence has supported Carranza in his maneuverings with this country and of the fact that he is where he is by virtue of our favor, his action cannot but prove embarrassing at

this juncture. Carranza evidently wants to help Germany by shutting off Great Britain's supply of Mexican oil. This may provoke Great Britain to action against Mexico for injuries to British citizens and business interests and get us into a tangle with her on the Monroe Doctrine.

Renewal of Villa raids on the United States border are by some suspected of being due to German instigation. There is no proof of this, but the theory is, if not true, at least well imagined. It accords with what we have seen of other German machinations and especially with the prompt action of the crews of interned German ships in our harbors to render them unserviceable.

The more one studies the progress of events in our relations with Germany the stronger grows the suspicion that it is her intent to involve us in the Great War. Everything she has done has been calculated to force our hand. The sinking of the *Lusitania* now looks like such an act. It is not too great a stretch of the imagination to suppose that if she cannot compel us to aid her in starving out the Entente, by submitting to her sea orders, she wants to get us into the war against her, on the theory that at the peace congress which will end the war this country's presence at the council board would provide a factor working for a softening of terms of peace in the event of an Entente victory. The United States, in a peace congress, would not stand for a settlement that would crush Germany.

Just what the United States could do to Germany if we should go to war with her is not clear to many people. But we could do a-plenty. Our navy could materially help in potting and netting her submarines. We could open our harbors to the unrestricted use of the Entente navies. We could convoy supplies and munitions of war to Germany's enemies. We could, above everything else, supply them with money for the prosecution of the war. The United States navy could help break the German blockade of England and help tighten the Entente blockade of Germany. The efficacy of the United States against Germany would be far from negligible.

Meanwhile the President waits watchfully for—the overt act—the sinking without warning of an American ship and the murder of American citizens. Germany can by caution avoid this. It would be unnecessary if American supplies for the Entente could be cut off simply through fear of the German submarines. The main object is to keep supplies from the enemy. If that can be accomplished by scaring our merchantmen off the seas, why proceed farther? It will be accomplished if our ships are kept tied up in our ports, if they are not to be convoyed by battleships, if they are not to be armed for protection. We are not concerned to help Germany's enemies. But we are concerned to maintain our own rights on the seas. And we are concerned to see that Germany keeps the *Sussex* agreement with us. Whether we shall resort to war to enforce our rights rests with the President, or at least it is his purpose to ask that congress leave such action to him. Congress will probably give him a free hand.

Will he break the embargo? Will he hold back from action long enough to let Germany discover that her submarine frightfulness cannot starve out Great Britain, and then renew his suggestions for peace? There is something about this latter policy that does not consist with national dignity and honor. It is not pleasant to think of this country drawing back within its own borders at Germany's threat. It is not inspiring to feel that our ships can sail only so often as Germany permits, over routes prescribed by Germany, tagged and labeled as Germany may decree.

The time approaches for the President to do something definite in assertion of neutral rights, in defence of the freedom of the seas. Our ships should sail. They should be protected against any violation of the laws of war as regards warning, visit and search. And if German submarines violate any of the laws of war with regard to our ships,

this country should make war upon such sea pirates as enemies of the human race.

Maybe the President has some other plans. He should reveal them for now the country is placed in the position of an ally of the Central Powers and is helping to make war upon the Entente and it is doing this under fear and duress exercised by the German government's order to all neutrals to keep off the sea. The sea belongs to all nations. Belligerents may drive one another off it. But they may not bar neutrals from it. The President has talked much of humanity. Here is his occasion to do something for human rights on the great waters. Here is opportunity to make sure that American relief of suffering in Belgium, Servia and Poland be not stopped.

The President wants to end the war, he says. The way to end it is for the United States to assert its own rights with acts, not words. If we must be a party to the war, by German contrivance, it were well to go in at once and bring an end. It is probable that the President's preachments will have more effect in a peace congress to end the war than as mere counsels of perfection addressed to the universe at large. The country is not crazy for war, but it seems in a fair way, so far as we can now judge, to pay too much for peace. And too much of the agitation for peace at any cost of national humiliation comes from quarters where the only peace desired is a German peace.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Universal Service

UNIVERSAL service as embodied in the Chamberlain bill in the senate is something quite different from conscription. It provides for one year's training of all able-bodied youths between the ages of 19 and 26, with certain reasonable exemptions. At first this would put into training 2,000,000 youths and each year a half million more would be subject to duty. This would give us the foundation of an army to be used in an emergency of defensive war. Not all these young men would be trained in strictly military work. Many thousands would be under training for mechanical, industrial, transportation service. The danger of militarism is small. The people can still control this force through Congress. That the training would give American youths a much to be desired sense of responsibility and discipline goes without saying. That this discipline would increase our industrial efficiency is undoubted. The pacifists rave against the bill, but one need be no militarist to realize that in a world in which war may happen it is wise to be prepared at least for defense. This army provided for is not to be used to put down labor disturbances: so that organized labor's opposition is done away with. The service proposal is not well received by those elements which lay more stress upon rights than upon duties. They forget that rights evolve duties. The thought of preparation for war is painful to many, of course, but one loses patience with the exponents of the new hedonism who wish to have life on terms innocent of anything painful. Universal democratic service is nothing but a recognition that for our liberties and rights we may have to suffer. The proposal is in fact a merciful one. If it should happen that war should come and we had to depend upon a hastily recruited volunteer service, the loss of life due to the lack of training in such a body would be something appalling. The provision of universal service will spare us the horrors of the massacre of raw troops and the equal horrors of deaths by disease in hastily improvised training camps. In an ideal world, war would be impossible. This is not an ideal world. It is a world in which it is our national duty to survive for the advancement of ideals and to survive we must be fit. Democracy must be equipped to fight for democratic ideals, if necessary. Therefore the

measure for universal service is not antipathetic to democratic principles. A democracy prepared to defend itself is a democracy unlikely to be assailed from the outside. And a democracy that cannot protect itself from its own military creature cannot be saved from other influences tending to destroy it. Pacifists who think democracy is to be conserved and preserved by Tolstoyan non-resistance are self-deluded.

♦♦

Harvard Drama

A PLAY called "Common Clay," presented in St. Louis this week, was loosed upon us with preliminary announcements that it was great American drama concocted according to the exalted literary standards of Harvard. It is a bad play—one of the worst I have ever seen. It is wordy and windy and interminably protracted. It has one good act but many good lines. That one act grows tiresome before its conclusion and the creak of machinery is always audible. There is one redeeming thing about the piece as presented at the Jefferson theater. That is the acting of Miss Joel in the role of the heroine. If "Common Clay" is the best Harvard can do for the resuscitation of the American drama we shall have to rest content with the "art" of the movies.

♦♦

The Governor and the Legislature

THERE are nearly 1,500 bills now pending in the Missouri legislature and the flood gates are still open. Out of this mass of legislation, it is not expected that more than a dozen important bills, outside of the appropriation measures, will become laws. Governor Gardner is behind some fifteen bills. Either directly or indirectly these are all revenue measures. Two of the governor's measures seem certain of success. One of these is the Hawes good road bill and the other is a direct tax measure. The latter imposes a tax of \$1 on each \$1,000 of corporation capital and surplus. Estimates are that this measure would produce \$1,000,000 a year. Many regard the Hawes bill as the best measure before the legislature. If it does not become a law, the state will lose \$2,500,000 the government is willing to give it to lift the Missouri highways out of the mud, and 3,500 miles of improved highways within the next four years. There is every reason, however, to believe that the bill will pass. Mr. Hawes has handled this measure with surpassing skill.

The everlasting penitentiary problem is up again, and the usual fine work is being done to preserve the contract system and defeat the efforts of the governor to abolish the system forever and place all the penal institutions under a non-partisan commission of four members. There will be a fight in the senate over this bill within the next week. There is something of a combination to beat the penitentiary bill and force the state to continue the contract system. This may be strong enough to turn the trick. The indications are that it will be.

The Major administration left debts amounting to more than \$2,025,000, so far as heard from. There is not enough money in the revenue fund to-day to pay these old debts. The state cannot run under the old system which produced only about \$5,250,000 a year. It will require at least three and one-half millions more of revenue to prevent the treasury from being scraped clean of revenue and keep the wheels of the government moving. Governor Gardner knows this and he is doing all he can to place the state finances on a sound basis and forever put an end to deficits in the revenues. Had it not been for friendly banks and trust companies, most of the state institutions would have had to close their doors last year. The debts they created in order to exist are debts of honor and must be paid.

Much has been said about the hostility of the Old Guard towards the governor's measures, and much that is unjust. The Old Guard element of the Democratic party contains some of the ablest members of the legislature. Many of them know more in detail about state affairs than does the chief executive and they know how to use their knowledge. What the Old Guard will fight is the Governor's efforts to

weed politics out of the management of the state penal and eleemosynary institutions. As to his strictly revenue measures, no men understand the exigencies of the financial conditions of the state better than they do. They know very well that if these revenue measures are defeated, the state will "go broke" and the blame will be cast upon them and on their party.

Gardner has not tied up with any of the factions. For the most part he has kept aloof from the law-makers. There are reasons for believing that it would have been easier sledding for him if he had oftener consulted the leaders in both houses and exhibited more of a disposition to compromise, where it seems to be a question of compromise or defeat. Such state senators as Sam B. Cook, John F. Morton, Michael Kinney, Michael Casey and Wallace Green are too strong to be run over. There are some evidences that the governor is going to get in touch with these senators and house leaders like Frank H. Farris and James F. Fullbright and others and see if a truce cannot be arranged so as to avoid clashes over legislation. Unless this is done, the governor is going to have more trouble on his hands the next three weeks than he ever had before.

One very strong play of the governor's is his battling the office-seekers away from him. This is a tail hold on the politicians that will not slip, and the governor is playing it for all it is worth. By side-tracking all political appointments he has laid in a stock of ammunition that will be certain to stand him well in hand when the worst comes to the worst. Every politician in the legislature is behind one or more candidates for appointment, and they will hesitate a long time before they antagonize the chief executive. Governor Gardner is not promising any of the job-hunters anything. He tells them all to file their applications with his private secretary, and after his measures have been fully considered by the legislature and acted upon definitely, he will take up the matter of making new appointments. Meantime only emergency appointments will be made. Of course, the politicians who have indorsed candidates are "sore" over this policy but they cannot do much. They realize that they are engaged in an endurance contest to determine whether they or the governor shall first "deliver the goods." The governor has an advantage in this, that the legislature cannot afford to adjourn without passing enough of the governor's revenue measures to insure the state treasury from bankruptcy. The governor may have to give way and deal with the leaders on middle grounds, but he has the jobs and can withhold them. The senate seems determined to hold up many of the gubernatorial proposals and the delay looks bad, with the legislature approaching the time for adjournment. Still, the governor has the whip hand in that if the senate procrastinates too much he can appeal to the people and start such a fire in the rear of the legislators as will force them to action.



A Place for a Quarter

WHAT are the sensations of a criminal, knowing himself guilty, when he lies in jail awaiting trial, when he faces the jury, when he stands before the judge for sentence? Have you ever committed a secret act—not a crime but something you wouldn't want blazoned forth to all the world, in your remorse magnified its heinousness a thousand times and then imagined yourself in the position of the convicted criminal? Has imagination ever carried you on to the point where you found yourself the inmate of a prison, and further, an ex-convict trying to hide that fact from your fellowmen and haunted always by the fear of discovery? Have you ever been so possessed by anger that you hardly knew what you were doing? Have you ever waked after a spree unable to recall your actions or even your whereabouts for several hours? And did it ever occur to you that during such mental lapses you may have violated half the laws of your country? Yes? Then send twenty-five cents to No. 2056 of the Branch Prison, Marquette, Michigan, for a pamphlet he has just written and published, "Bolts, Bonds and Bars," in which he briefly relates

the thought-processes of one criminal from the time he fell into the hands of the law. No. 2056 will be liberated next March and needs funds against that time. He wants to get started honestly and the state's five dollars can't carry him far in that direction. So if you have so much as a quarter to invest, here is a better gamble than the stock market or a poker game.



Little Plays

ST. LOUIS has seen the excellent Washington Square Players in a group of little plays. The plays and players are inspired amateurism, pleasing in the main, not too rebellious against convention. According to the company the highest praise for its efforts, one cannot say, however, that the work dramatic or mimetic holds forth much promise of a dramaturgic renaissance. The art of it is exclusive, cloistered, for a few. It is a cult recondite to the many. The drama that is worth while must be for the many. It must have democratic appeal and its motives must not be exotic. But having said so much, I must again say that the Washington Square plays and players gave a feast of tidbits for the local literary gourmets. The Portmanteau theater's performances occur too late for comment this week. The Portmanteau theater is a reduction of the Little theater to its lowest common denominator. It is a further condensation of drama and microcosmization of the stage to the end of ecstacizing a little clan. Out of this art in little greater art may come. That is what the workers hope for. May their hopes be not defeated.



Tory Contempt

WE hear a good deal of the triumph of the democratic spirit in England these days. This minister was a miner; that other was a factory hand; still another rose from humble position as a railway worker. There is a good deal of celebration of the fact that Great Britain, formerly ruled by the aristocracy, is now being directed by a group of business men. But all Great Britain does not share this enthusiasm over business administration. That great Tory journal, the London *Saturday Review*, never wearies of sneering at it. From a recent issue I excerpt the appended sonnet signed, "W. M. Gloag," expressing the quintessence of the Tory sentiment:

THE MODERN DEITY.

Leaving his office, nowadays the shrine,
From which all England seeks the voice divine,
He comes: upon his shield, emblazoned, see
Those magic words "System," "Efficiency."
Around him statesmen, scholars, lawyers bend,
Art, Science and Philosophy attend;
His old familiars, Bankruptcy and Fraud,
'Fore his triumphal progress, shrink back awed.
His features, slightly Jewish, show th' intent
To save the State and net his cent. per cent.
For gospel he selects the ancient one,
Slightly amended—"Do, or else be done."
Bow down before him! Worship, while you can,
The Modern Deity, the business man.

The virulence of the sentiment in this jewel fourteen lines long is not diminished by the little dash of Jew-baiting so slyly introduced. The Tory organ has nothing but contempt for the men who thus far have saved the Empire, by industrial organization, from the consequences of the blind following of tradition by Kitchener and French and others.



The Pageant of Fashion

ST. LOUIS is going to forget the international complications for a few days in contemplation of a Pageant of Fashion. There is splendid opportunity for pageantry in presenting the current discoveries and inventions in the way of personal decorative habiliments. There is art in fashions and there is that in them which expresses the spirit of the time. Some of the art is post-cubist and some of the symbolism is at first glance "bug-house," but there is no fashion that we cannot be reconciled to when the ladies adjust themselves to its requirements. All fashions are beautiful when beauty adopts them. Laws can do nothing with fashions. Religion cannot regulate them. Fashions are—fashions. They

are their own excuse for being. They are not subject to reason. Fancy rules them. Fashions are to be conformed to. The array of the latest cries at Moolah Temple these next few days is simply woven expression of the spirit which moves in the new music, the new art, the new poetry. There is nothing to say of fashions except—they are. There is nothing to do with them but accept them and enjoy them.



In the Matter of Deportation

IT is well to clear our minds of cant. You'd think to read about the crimes of Germany in this war, that no other country had ever similarly sinned. You'd think that Belgium had never been guilty of the almost incredible atrocities in the Congo. Most Americans forget the story of Acadie. They do not remember the history that Longfellow put into poetry in "Evangeline." That was a deportation more cruel than the one enforced upon the Belgians, for the Belgians had at least been in arms against the invaders. And our own country! What has it not to answer for in its treatment of the Indians? Those who are so fortunate as to possess a small volume bearing the title, "Memoirs of Narcissa Owen, 1831—1907," will say that our own skirts are not clear of just such a crime as we denounce in the matter of Germany's treatment of the Belgians.

Narcissa Owen has but recently passed to the happy fields where await the warriors of her tribe,—the Cherokees. She was the granddaughter of John D. Chisholm that made the treaty for the Western Cherokees in 1819, whereby they settled on the Spadra and Arkansas rivers. Mrs. Owen's husband was Colonel Robert L. Owen, of Lynchburg, Virginia, and her son, bearing the same name, is now United States senator from Oklahoma. She wrote her memoirs in Washington, where she had lived for many years under the loving protection of her two sons, the Senator and Dr. Thomas Owen, president of the Southern Congress, and they were completed on her seventy-sixth birthday, just three years before her death. The volume was printed privately and bears a dedication:

"To my children and the Cherokees . . .

I give you some stories of our Indian ancestors and their old traditions, which were given to me as a child. This record of the past I have kept faithfully and lovingly, so that in the days to come I may be a living presence to you and yours, and with my clan, the Arni-Ki-Law-hi."

After giving a succinct history of the treaties by which the Cherokees signed away their rights, Mrs. Owen makes the bald statement, that the old tribal laws were better for her people than all the civilization which the invaders forced upon them. She wrote in 1907, when the Cherokees had passed away as a tribe and become merged in American citizenship. She gives unstinted praise to Jefferson and to the first written code of laws drawn up under his direction, which proved practical in every way. But to quote her verbatim:

"The Cherokees were, however, with their independent self-government, a thorn in the flesh to the people of Georgia and during President Jackson's administration things came to a climax, and, contrary to the pledge made by the United States Government, Georgia determined to get rid of the Cherokees. When the government found that it either had to sacrifice the Cherokees or use force against the Georgians, they determined to compel the Cherokees to move west. . . . Both the North and the South had been parties to the treaties and the South was under as solemn obligation to those treaties as the North. If Georgia at that time had been compelled to respect the Federal authority and the promises to the Cherokees, the Confederate War would never have sacrificed its millions of men and money. The United States Government and its people needed to be taught the truth of God's word, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be meted to you again.' Both the North and the South paid in blood and treasure for the bad faith, the cruelty and

inhumanity shown to the Cherokees in their removal from Georgia to the present Cherokee territory. There was a decision in the Supreme Court in favor of the Indians, handed down by John Marshall, Chief Justice, and when he heard it Jackson said, 'John Marshall has given his opinion and now I would like to see him execute it.' Jackson had little love for the Cherokees and was willing to side with the Georgians.

"The transportation of the people to the West was the most cruel piece of business you can imagine. The people were all running around from house to house, telling the news to each other about how they were going to be picked and taken away by force and the soldiers were ordered to capture them anywhere they found them and take them to the camps where they were concentrated. A wife might be taken to one of these places and her husband to another, and the children to a third, making the most cruel separation of families. The detachments did not make the journey at the same time so that families were often separated so that they never met again in this world. Hildebrand's detachment, at the end of the journey, stopped at my mother's home, near Beattie's Prairie. Here these people, being transplanted from a warm climate, had to live in open tents during the rigors of the winter, and the blizzards of that January made them die in hosts. More than one hundred and fifty were buried in my father's graveyard at Chisholm's Spring, one mile west of Maysville, Arkansas."

This deportation of the Cherokees was "for their own good," even as Germany declares it deports the Belgians for their moral betterment. No nation is innocent of such crimes. All nations justify such deeds on the plea of necessity. Germany, when history is searched, is no worse than others. This is not to justify Germany, but only to help us keep a level mind in judging of the war and its conduct. Particularly and especially we Americans must not forget what we have done to the Indians.

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Piano Music of To-Day

By John L. Hervey

NONE of my recent musical adventures has been more interesting than that which took me to Orchestra Hall the other day when Harold Bauer presented to Chicago a programme which he entitled "The Music of To-day"—a proceeding upon his part which amazed the Brahmins, for Mr. Bauer has in the past been conspicuous for his devotion to the classics. But this pianist, at once an admirable virtuoso and a complete musician, has a broader conception of art and a more virile conception of its manifestations than some of his critics had supposed—and his excursion into modernism has revealed a new phase of his accomplishments that adds perceptibly to his artistic stature.

Be it known that while drums have never yet been beaten or trumpets blown about Harold Bauer, he is an artist of finer attainments than many whose names are more familiar. Among interpretative masters of the piano-forte his position, if not spectacular, is nevertheless eminent. Perhaps there is no other contemporary with us in whom temperament and intellectuality are more perfectly blended or thoroughly equalized through all those subtle gradations which an assured mastership includes. When, therefore, an artist of this stamp elects to come before us in a new rôle, the interest is cumulative; superinduced upon that of the programme itself is an intensified expectation regarding the performance.

The programme under discussion was composed almost exclusively of compositions that had never before been publicly offered in this country, except by Mr. Bauer himself in the East a short time previously, and to the great majority of the audience were absolute novelties. Perhaps on this account the audience itself was less numerous than both the programme and the performer deserved—but what it lacked in numbers it made up for in interest; and, it is pleasant to say, in appreciation. Its comprehension may not at all times have been as complete

as possible, but that had small influence upon its attitude. This, of course, from the standpoint of the Brahmins, was quite reprehensible, for they must always understand before they can feel; which is perhaps one reason why they cannot understand the unenlightened, given at times to feeling before they understand.

Did anybody present understand Mr. Bauer's opening number, the "*Clavierstücke, Op. 11, No. 1*," by Arnold Schönberg? It is much to be doubted. This very largely because, after listening to it one had no cause to believe that any need for its comprehension exists. In the analytical programme which was very considerably supplied, the information was vouchsafed that Mr. Bauer himself finds "a similarity between Schönberg and Egyptian art in the preponderance given to sheer line and design over all other elements." Granting that Mr. Bauer is correct, it may be observed that there was something else Egyptian in the quality of this "*Clavierstücke*"—i. e., a darkness which seemed to obliterate any sheerness of line and design that lurked *perdu*. I observed a departure from Egyptian art—or seemed to—in the fact that while the line and design characteristic of Karnak and Philae are controlled by an apparent purpose, which may be felt if it is not understood, this piece, without beginning, middle or end, most signally lacked coherence. It, however, conveyed a sense of remoteness greater than that of either the Sphinx, the Pyramids or even the source of the mystic stream beside which those monuments repose. But it did resemble the decomposed and chaotic condition of the temples at Luxor and at Thebes. Nevertheless, the audience, unlike that which assembled when, a couple of seasons ago, the Symphony Orchestra "produced" the "Five Little Pieces" of the same composer, instead of hissing and exploding in more or less spontaneous mirth, applauded vigorously. If this surprised Mr. Bauer, he controlled himself—being, without doubt, prepared for anything.

It was a prodigious leap which the pianist then accomplished by presenting two pieces of Claude Debussy—namely, "*Les Collines d'Anacapri*" and "*La Cathédrale Engloutie*." These are early expressions of *Debussyisme* and it might be argued that as representing the master Mr. Bauer might have been more successful with another choice from his pages. It is somewhat unfortunate that Debussy's titles are so descriptive. The harmonies with which he has invested the scenic marvels of Anacapri are characteristic only of himself and almost any label would serve for them. The second number might less tenuously be connected with a cathedral—but as a matter of fact, both pieces are merely lyrical evocations of moods of their creator, of which the inspiration may be regarded as inconsequential. To those with a flair for Debussy—and I confess to an undisciplined delight in him—these *moments lyriques* are exquisite if not too often tasted. In this instance, following as they did the scoria with which Schönberg had bestrewn the landscape, they might have, to some sensitive souls, seemed heavenly. Or even more so had Mr. Bauer imparted to them just a shade more of that *intimité* which they require.

Following these productions of Debussy, Mr. Bauer honored an American composer, Edward Royce, who is the son of the late Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard. Mr. Royce has just turned thirty and is a pedagogue and an *Herr-Direktor* at Ithaca, N. Y. His contribution to "The Music of To-day" assumed the shape of a "Theme and Variations in A Minor." The author's own exposition of his intentions was thoughtfully provided and it ran in part as follows: "The Variations in A minor attempt, as many variations seem to attempt, to portray creative force in action. If this striving is successful, the listener's first thought will be, not 'What masterly embellishments!' but 'That is how the world was made!'" I feel ashamed to admit that if Mr. Royce had not inoculated me with the idea, it would never have occurred to me to suppose that his Variations portrayed creative force in action; also that I am still unable to suppose that the world was made after their formula. They impressed me as the attempt

of a highly educated musician of somewhat tumultuous ideals to produce a set of variations upon a selected theme. Simply that and nothing more. Why composers must continue to do the Variations "stunt"—particularly in view of the incredible amount of them already existing—is something inscrutable to most music lovers. Lest I appear unappreciative, in a certain sense, of these, let me hasten to record that, for Variations, they were very good ones—and that Mr. Bauer expended all the resources of his art upon them. It was not his fault if he failed to convey the impression, to many auditors, that they were present at the making of a world.

Mr. Bauer, after a short recess, then returned to the piano and proceeded with the Seventh Sonata, Opus 64, of Alexander Scriabine. At the name of this Russian master it is needful to observe that the average Brahmin shies like a timid steed at sight of a fiery dragon and tears precipitately down the road, snorting conventions and precedents at every stride?—though now that he is dead they are somewhat beginning to relax in the rush for safety. Nevertheless it will be long before the awful fact can be forgotten that Scriabine, in the effort toward an artistic synthesis, provided for combinations of lights and odors, *obbligato*, with symphonic poems. Be this as it may, neither the electrician nor the perfumer enters into the scheme of his Seventh Sonata; in which, relying upon the piano alone, he has developed, in new modes, an ancient form to new possibilities. This sonata is in one movement and at its conclusion the pianist was greeted by a whirlwind of applause, which must have been highly gratifying to him, both on his own account and that of the music. Only the most triumphant technic can hope to meet the demands of Scriabine, but at the same time this technic must be rigorously subordinated to the composer's intention. Mr. Bauer's performance rose to the highest levels of interpretation in these regards. Apparently without effort and almost with repose he brought out its unfamiliar idioms, its daring contrasts, its vivid colors and its strange tonalities, keeping always a firm grasp upon the whole while rendering its parts.

In succession followed one of a set of Caesar Franck's *Pastorales*, transcribed for the piano by Mr. Bauer, and Raoul Laparra's "*Rhythmes Espagnols*." The former proved to be of a singular, almost a ravishing beauty—the latter an almost complete disappointment. Reading their programme was productive of the keenest expectations of originality, variety, exoticism, brilliancy and verve; but their hearing proved them to be conspicuously lacking in these qualities. Possessing a certain interest, they yet invariably just failed to "come off," leaving the auditor frustrate of that which he awaited.

The programme concluded with what proved to be its *pièce de résistance*—the "*Tableaux d'une Exposition*" of Modest Moussorgsky. This suite was suggested to Moussorgsky by a set of drawings by Hartmann. Opening with a "*Promenade*," there follows a series of sketches which, as *genre* pieces, ranging from the grotesque to the grandiose, combine in an indescribable motley webs of tone and color which in sum total unite to form a fantastic adventure in an unknown and impossible world; whence the traveler returns as breathless with wonders as from the fair at Nijni-Novgorod. Concerning these "*Tableaux*" I find the following passage in the "*Essai Historique sur la Musique en Russie*," of M. Arthur Pougin:

"Can one really give it the name of music? I pick up this collection of pieces and endeavor to comprehend them, but without success. This music has neither sense, form nor color; one cannot make head nor tail of it. The notes seem to be written deliberately without any kind of intelligent scheme or sequence, just as they happen to come, in a kind of crazy improvisation. They are not mere sketches, be it observed, but eccentric gyrations which no true musician would have ventured to thus place before the public. I do not know what the out-and-out admirers of Moussorgsky will think of me if they read this, but I am constrained to declare that in my belief some of these pieces lie outside the pale of music and cannot be held to be such."

You will observe that these "*Tableaux*" have

moved M. Pougin to an utterance somewhat similar to that which the Schönberg selection with which Mr. Bauer opened his programme has elicited from myself. However, there is this great difference between the music of Schönberg and that of Moussorgsky—namely that the former has cursed beauty and cast it into outer darkness; while the latter, after having pronounced a similar anathema ("Artistic representation of beauty only, in its material sense," he wrote, "is a childish stupidity, a rudimentary form of art") has been unable to fulfill his intentions. The "Tableaux," to state it simply, are among the most beautiful of all modern—or, let me say, ultra-modern—compositions for the piano. Moussorgsky was pursuing, all the while, nothing in the world but beauty—and the texts which on this occasion he seized upon to illustrate really served him for new revelations of it. Among the numbers were "Gnomus" (representing a little gnome taking clumsy steps with his little, crooked legs); "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle" (representing two Polish Jews, the one rich, the other poor); "The Market Place at Limoges" (representing women nagging one another); "Il Vecchio Castello" (representing a castle of the Middle Ages below whose turrets a troubadour sings); "Catacombs" (those of Paris); etc., etc. Marvelously eloquent, dazzlingly pictorial, alive with a thousand vibrations of contrasted tone and color, nevertheless the inability of the composer to "beware of the beautiful" or work toward any other end than beauty's own, is constantly revealed. The task of projecting these pieces from the keyboard to an audience unfamiliar, perhaps uncomprehending, possibly hostile, Mr. Bauer performed with unconditional success. It was an unequivocal piece of virtuosity—and much more than that. It was a demonstration of the genius of "Young Russia" absolutely convincing, a vindication of its claim to a place, not "outside the pale of music" but within its most jealous closes.

Summing up, "The Music of To-day," for the piano-forte, is something which in considerable part proves its case, while Russia not only proves but conquers.

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On Single Women

By Alice Edgerton

THERE is unquestionably something wrong with educated single women. A generation ago they did not confess the fact; perhaps they were less frank than we; perhaps the combativeness of their life sustained them. When education and an occupation involved defiance of parents, eccentric costume and jokes in the funny papers, there was zest in being a "new woman." But now that education is easy to the point of being fashionable, we lack the consolations of opposition, and no one sees more clearly or deplores more deeply than we the fact that we want something we have not.

Women of thirty used to make out very well, outwardly at any rate, being aunts; and if we could but view the matter so, there is great social virtue in being an aunt. Without undue consumption of vitality, the Aunt can in some degree satisfy her normal affection for children, if she has it, and at the same time release the Mother for a modicum of self-development and varied social usefulness. But we do not care for aunts; we want a primacy of affection and responsibility that does not go with the state; and anyway, we make execrable aunts.

Political enfranchisement has been held out as a remedy for our ills; and it is very good, but nothing like so efficacious as working for it. Once secured, the tonic loses its potency. Those of us who voted for Mr. Wilson are in little better case than many of us whom an accident of residence prevented from voting. We have in the past had great faith in independence of occupation: the right to earn our living. But after the first year or so, during which we can make straphanging look picturesque, we know better. There is nothing filling about the work most of us are doing; it plods along from pay-day to pay-day, and you know yourself what pay-day is. Not that

we should quite like to be without our jobs, but there is a sort of half-hearted interchangeableness about them; we feel vaguely that perhaps we should have liked library work better than teaching, but after all it is a good deal of bother to change. On the other hand, those of us who have respected professions are in general very well off; a profession, dealt with professionally, provides sufficient interest and sense of importance to make us forget what is the matter with us, and therein probably is our most practical and moral salvation.

Unsympathetic persons there have always been to aver that the thing for a woman to do is to marry. Such persons are our natural enemies, and we treat their precious marrying with the contumely it deserves. Yet many of us who look askance at marriages as we see them know that what we want is love, physical and spiritual, and probably children. We used to say we had all we wanted with independence and education; we looked sardonic if by chance one of us married, and we found a warm and permeating pleasure in recording instances of sad, unhappy marriages. We were doubtless sincere; in the earlier days of "freedom" we were a selected class, whose emotions were subordinate, or perhaps our very rarity satisfied us emotionally. But now if we are honest we know that sex is insistent within us, and that unless we find some way of satisfying it, we shall go dry and wizened to our graves.

There are two very comfortable explanations of our lovelessness. For one thing, we are segregated. For many of us it began with our being sent to women's colleges. As teachers, our male acquaintance is often restricted to the rather dull young man who is our principal; he has a wife and two children, and far be it from us to disturb his happy home. As social workers we have intimate conversations with policemen and saloonkeepers. Of course these are not our only occupations, but everywhere the story is a good deal the same: in the work we fall into, men of our class are few; if we choose a man's work, our footing is so precarious that we maintain a very careful professional balance, and besides, we are unsexed anyway. Outside our work we see grocers, janitors, milkmen, electricians and plumbers, but we do not fall in love with them; nor, it may be noted, do they languish after us.

The other explanation, in which we take much pride and consolation, is that we are exacting. Not the first comer, even of our own class, will do. For despite these cravings of ours, we have many sources of satisfaction. We find women who are good to read with, talk with, tramp with, even to live with, and our friendships with them are likely to take on a little sexual warmth. There is a good deal of primitive sex-expression in furnishing an apartment, and more and more we have abandoned boarding for housekeeping. Our standards of companionship are high; in our experience women are more interesting than men: they have read more, they talk more easily about things in which we are interested. We see too little of any given male to discover such companionability as he has in him.

It is clear that segregation and discriminating tastes are responsible in part for the incompleteness of our lives; perhaps they are more subtly responsible than we admit. The truth is men won't come within a hundred feet of us. This has nothing to do with our personal appearance: we have adequate features and attractive clothes; but we do not look desirable. Our segregation has been both result and added cause of a righteously fostered unlovableness. When there are plenty of men about, normal women usually wake and life makes them alluring. And we are normal. But we so virtuously conceal the fact from men that the rare bird flies away.

Our training has been bad. Our parents would not "take the bloom off life" for their daughters, with the result that when we had the misfortune to learn that the "physical aspect of marriage" obtained among people of our own class, the idea was abhorrent to many of us. Men imposed it upon women, and we shuddered at the assurance that "that was what men wanted of women." If we went to women's colleges, our teachers were women grown

sapless, who at rare intervals aridly discussed Motherhood, immaculately achieved, and the Home. In co-educational schools we were better off in spite of ourselves; but those of us who enjoyed mental capacity so burned to refute the idea that there is sex in mind, that we devoted ourselves exclusively to the business, and derived our emotional glows from superlative grades: we rattle with *Phi Beta Kappas*. Some of us even then felt the first cravings, and could not see why we were not chosen for man's attention. But we consoled ourselves in the belief that men are attracted by stupider girls, who admire them: this we should never stoop to do. When we saw men hovering over fluffy girls whom we considered dull: "you see," we said and preened a chaste reserve.

In the matter of training, girls of the next generation will be more fortunate than we who are now thirty. Some of the taboos we were brought up under are mercifully going out of fashion, and there is a swing in the direction of a rounder humanity. Some people anticipate much from the present emphasis in college and university upon Domestic Science; but so far as our crying need is concerned, we may be just as well off studying Sanscrit; perhaps better off, for there we see men. Untrained maternal instinct and unbalanced dinners may be disastrous to children and the home; but though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, domestic science is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. For one has neither child to ruin nor home to wreck without lovers.

The essential need is that we undergo a wholesome decay of morals. We are not only austere virtuous ourselves when a man appears; we take rigorous charge of his morals also. Does he like to be petted and admired? It is our unshakable conviction that All Men do. Very well: we will neither flatter nor pet, lest we spoil him; All Men are conceited. We like to be admired ourselves; our impulse and our manners lead us to express liking and admiration for our friends; normal kindness leads us often to flatter people because people seem to need flattery to hearten them; but not Men. We imprison all obvious enjoyment of sex, and would open the door only under conditions so select that we never reach them; and yet if someone should marry us by mistake, he would find us quite to his liking. With a lusty philosophy any girl will grow up desirable. But for us who are thirty, drastic measures are necessary to break our shell of high and unpleasant virtue. Surreptitious and protested love-making would be good for us: any man would do for the purpose. *Anatol*, that limitless lover, released in the midst of a dozen of us, would be immensely salutary. His touch is all we need to make us alluring.

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The House George Moore Built

By Frank Pease

THE reason most moralists object to George Moore is because they approve of him. Of course, this does not account for those other, more "modern" moralists, who approve of him because he is objectionable. Nor is it an illumination of Moore's provoking ability to pursue the divided tenor of his ways indifferent to the one, humorously sceptical of the other. For morality is neither Moore's first nor last consideration, any more than is the approval or disapproval of men. But this is unusual in an age where we are all moralists of one sort or another. It is bizarre; it is worse; it is exasperating. A man who can provoke an extreme curiosity on the one hand, a surreptitious envy on the other, and yet retain the classic unconcern of a sure egoism—how irritating! And how enticing! We know ourselves too well not to have a profound admiration for the man who will not take us seriously. Such a man is bound to be popular. Popularity implies, *ipso facto*, a long string of hurried imitators. But George Moore has evaded even this literary scourge. Instead of imitators, we see a host of critics, followers and haters of George Moore,

all quite upset with the mystery of his literary manner, terribly piqued by its power, and wrangling like prophets over the problem of its insistent egoism. And this, we may be sure, is not the least of Moore's most delicious pleasures.

It is as though would-be imitators cried out:

"Oh, if only we could find his *sources*—then we would have him!"

Or again, they moan:

"How *does* he do it! How does he get *himself* into everything?"

It is not at all amiss to dogmatize on the necessity of first having a self to put into things, though this is not the only secret. The real secret of George Moore is the secret of the unfixed. It is also his triumph. For he makes no secret of his egoism. His egoism is himself. He pretends to no other self. George Moore knows no sweeter fat than sticks to his own bones. He does not possess an *alter ego*, and would not know what to do with one if he did. Indeed, his is the rare example of a man who is none other than himself living in a world of men who are many others than themselves. George Moore believes a man is what's inside his own, not another's skin; at least he believes that what's inside George Moore's skin is George Moore's self. He further believes it is a mighty interesting self; so interesting in fact that he finds it well worth telling about; and finds plenty of other people who are also fascinated by the telling.

As Nature abhors a vacuum, so does George Moore abhor the fixed. But his secret—the secret of the unfixed, is not so different a secret to the secrets of other men—when they have had secrets, only other men haven't let them out. George Moore's secret is in letting out the secret. His secret is an open secret: open on every page, almost every line; and all about George Moore. How different, *par exemple*, are the "secrets" of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose secrets weren't secrets at all, but sermonizings in pious atheism. How could the Jean Jacques possess a secret when it is other people's secrets they are always minding? Everybody knows the secrets of other people. It is what we never know about ourselves that is the real secret.

George Moore has known this a long time, and that is why George Moore knows more about George Moore than any other man on earth knows about himself. It means first, that George Moore took time to discover how important George Moore was to George Moore; second, that George Moore admitted to himself that he believed in George Moore; third, that George Moore studied George Moore as no one else has ever studied himself. This, too, is the secret of George Moore.

History is full of crusaders who went forth seeking whom and what they might discover, and lost themselves. George Moore went forth seeking to discover George Moore, and found him. It takes a high order of ingenuity and courage for this. Not every man could face the mystery of his own self; not every man suspects there is such a mystery. Yet what other mystery has the outer world ever held half so wondrous as the mystery of one's own self, if only one has good ears, sharp eyes, and a sensitive touch? What does the travail of history signify if not that at some time, somewhere, somehow, man the Seeker, would one day discover man himself? Christ's "I am the Life," is just such a discovery. Our own modernism: "This is the life," is half such a discovery. George Moore completes the discovery when he says: "I, George Moore, am the life—of George Moore."

If, somewhere across the high tide of literary liberty which the past hundred years have enjoyed, this discovery was not to be made, when could it be expected that man was going to get through, twist out of, unloose himself from, and, finally, transcend the clutch of other men, other things, other opinions than his own? I believe George Moore to be the most civilized man in the world to-day because he has done just this. By some miraculous flexibility of temperament he has managed to throw off that burden of burdens—extrinsicity. And in doing this, George Moore has dis-

covered, not alone George Moore, but man himself.

What is there that does not lie in wait for us, as, boisterous or timorous, we approach the world? Women bind us with the silken steel of their love; institutions claim us in the name of duty and good-citizenship; our sight is early afflicted with the astigmatism of gold; and that terrible mistress, that best beloved and most beauteous tyrant, Art, what slaves does her high citadel not decoy! What is there that does not get between us and ourselves! How long a time it has been that men's tales were only tales of the love of women, of wealth or of power, tales of blood sacrifice to duty, tales of the agony of art: in short, tales of anything and everything except men themselves. How long it has been that man has waited for man to come to man himself. In George Moore we behold the astounding spectacle of man arrived at last at man himself.

Pursue the list for a moment. Consider the "schools" of art; religious symbolism, classicism, romanticism, and realism; this last, "scientific" literature—a manner of literary empiricism, being the dreariest and most uninspired conception that has ever darkened the literary heavens, unless it be that other scientific affair which springs from inner poverty instead of inner riches: sociological literature of the Zola-Galsworthy brand. Is it not plain to be seen that men who *must* write of other people's "reactions," cannot possess "reactions" of their own; that is to say, creative imagination? Such people write of "real" persons, or persons so nearly real as to be uninteresting and even unworthy being written of. But this is not art. It is just what its name implies—reality; not one's own reality, however, but other people's.

Although, often enough, Moore writes of real persons, limned always against a background, not of "reality," but the prismatic artistry of Moore's conception of them, how much more real they become than they really are. Who would want to know "A. E." better than Moore has pictured him? This is no common realism. It is the highest kind of transfiguration: art's essential function. If we must have reality with, necessarily, biographic detail, let it be of this transfiguring order. "Realism" in this instance is legitimate, but it does not at all reduce the superior rank of sheer imaginative creations like "Don Quixote," "Marius the Epicurean" or "Penguin Island." A man's significance is his art doctrine. A man's art is significant—assuming his art doctrine to be significant and powerful—just to the degree with which it measures up to that doctrine. In the case of Moore's art it will never be a thing taught, for it is Moore himself speaking. Moore has made himself and his art one: an almost unparalleled unity in the history of literature. Other men may go as far, perhaps further; but it will be because they too are themselves and none others.

Thus is it possible for mistaken conceptions of art even to get between men and themselves. And so another obstacle to self-discovery! As though, beginning with Stendhal's *enemis naturels*, and thence on to all the multitudinous passions of men for things other than themselves, as though these were not enough! That they have been enough is full proven by the fact that now, across the literary world, comes one speaking of himself, and our hearts are trepidated with astonishment.

How far this George Moore is from the moth-eaten guerdons of the "schools!" And all by virtue of the singularly artful apprehension of himself. This self, once discovered, what a subtle premise for the tenuous reconnoitering of life by his very excellent six senses! That George Moore has a sixth sense, who would question? I conceive his sixth sense to exist in that elusive quality which first enabled him to recognize how necessary it was for a man dwelling amidst men afflicted with *alter egoism* to mount upward into the clear conception of his own egoism. If you declare this is wrong, what would you? Is not life, is not the garden of art, broad enough for at least one classic shrine to Narcissus?

When a common man starts looking for himself he finds other men. When an uncommon artist

starts looking for himself he finds his own likes and dislikes. This is what George Moore found. In finding his own likes and dislikes, Moore found also the unfixed. Now life as movement, as flux, as becoming, as the eternally unfixed, is a very ancient interpretation. But it is also the very latest. George Moore has never been anything other than a becoming: a modern Democritus in tweeds. It is his secret; and a very subtle and charming secret it is. The world is fortunate to have been let in on it. It has enabled Moore the artist to keep abreast of Moore the man: one of the rarest synchronisms in the history both of art and of men. Pericles was such a synchronism; Michael Angelo would have been but for the ferocious sincerity with which men then contemplated the problem of their immortal souls: as men always do under the bondage of Liberty.

In avoiding the fixed as he would shun a plague, Moore has presented the world a very handsome picture of life's possibilities in sheer movement. Who could ever forget how he skips from Manet to the figurines of Tanagra, from the Baron's amatory gusto at sight of her ladyship's mother-of-pearl legs in the chapter that next opens in Italy to the imported asses of the Irish Renaissance; and then, with one of his whimsied arabesques, sketches some fugitive mood common to many but told by Moore alone? Literature has never yet essayed the rule that a man writing, let us say of primroses, may not wander the labyrinthal cunning of Bach's fugues, or skim lightly across the memory of an old love. Yet how many write as though it were the rule! In literature it is not necessary to do as the Romans do. This would be realism, and Moore is anything but a realist; or, if he is, his realism is so real that it is unreal; and which, by the way, constitutes his principal charm: indeed, his value as an artist.

There is another matter, a very significant influence indeed, and one for which the discerning will long treasure George Moore: his restoration of the Lost Art of Loving. What! You weren't aware it was a lost art? Oh, yes, indeed! It quite went out with the last of the salons, and upon the entrance of mechanism, democratic politics, the stock market and poker. And when that shyest of all known and unknown gods, Eros, was bound in the meshes of a formula called "free love," and men began to approach romance as they approach so much else to-day, without preparation, professionally, and in hasty confusion, then indeed was the world by just that much an uglier place to live in. Many strange things have happened in Love's history but that was the first time Love had been done into a socio-political formula, a "problem," a matter for doctrinary debate! Curses, sobs and laughter resounded upon Olympus then; on Earth we are only just beginning to laugh a little. Perhaps George Moore's supremest significance consists in his having been the first to laugh, and, laughing, severed the bonds of Eros. To do so, he brought, not a sword, but a bouquet: a bouquet tinted with perfumes subtler than the fragrance of memory; and the music he played was sweeter than the piping of that Pied Pan of Hamelin.

Is it any wonder there is a "woman problem" when men bestow more devotion to devices for "efficiency" and "system" than they do upon woman? Men have wandered far from Antony's discovery that the love of a woman was more than dominion over all the kingdoms of the earth. That this preposterous modern passion for systematizing men and machines is for the purpose of placing prizes in woman's lap—what an odd thought! Woman has never considered any prize in all the world half so wondrous as man himself—when she could really have him, which, despite romanticists to the contrary, has not been so often. That wisest woman of Athens, Lysistrata, knew this. The "problem" of modern woman is self-explanatory; if woman cannot have man, she will not have his frightful playthings; but she will have herself.

Cats and women! With what feral malice have these superb animals stalked across and around

man's grotesque attempts to geometrize the world, himself, and them! How they have slipped through the elaborate meshes of his codes and his enginry, arching their pretty eyes like spiders at his every orthodoxy and system: protean, elemental, untamed to the last! Who could be simple enough to believe woman will waste much time toying with man's mechanisms, once she has the "right" to do so? She will yet discover the way back to herself. In returning to herself, she will be taking precisely the direction long since taken by George Moore, when he too turned away from modern man's toys, and found himself. Nor should they doubt to find others awaiting. For George Moore is not the only contemporary who has found himself—I know several myself—though he is the first to announce the discovery.

And this again is why George Moore is essentially civilized. He has completed the cycle. He has gone beyond things, "schools," "causes"—even the seduction of "lost causes;" that agony of so many otherwise keen spirits. But his great triumph is in cutting the cord of extrinsicities. In the Beginning there was man. Then came things: the State, the Church, Science; finally, came that vast Gothic jumble, modern business; all of which got between man and himself; between man and art; between man and woman. Comes now George Moore with nothing between him and himself; nothing to separate him from his egoism, his art, his love of loving.

This is Accomplishment. Indeed, it is almost Victory itself. To state it briefly: if there were more lovers like George Moore, there would be fewer "woman problems," and fewer "problems" of any sort. In Moore's sight a woman is her own excuse for being. He is one of the rare men who refuse to permit woman to become a "problem." They love him for it! It means: here is a man who is aware that woman's real secret is that she has never possessed a secret. I believe in George Moore the lover so completely that one of my greatest delights is in picturing a meeting between him and that chilliest and most beautiful beauty of the eighteenth century: Mme. Récamier. I venture to assert that George Moore would have won Mme. Récamier. Of course, it might have meant disruption of the de Stael-Récamier Protective Alliance; and it might have set poor Chateaubriand quite by the ears, just as Moore's appearance in Holland once set Stella's companion by the ears. But literature would not have lost in either case; for nothing sets people writing their best like being crossed in love.

George Moore is the only artist capable of writing the one book which would "save" modern man: "The Old Beaux Handbook to Love." Aubrey Beardsley was the mad boy to have drawn the illustrations, with Léon Bakst for the coloring. Such a book, bound in pale rose and heliotrope, scented with verbenum, filled with the whimsical secretcies only Moore seems to have guessed: can one imagine a real woman who would not prefer it, or a real man who would not prefer her having it, to a ballot?

Next to himself, next to Art, George Moore takes most seriously—as is proper—*ars femina*. We know in great detail how he persuaded Doris, although we have no account of—for he could not remember—the "exquisite moment." But Doris, he says, will live forever—in his prose. How charming it is when Narcissus leads another lover to the fountain of youth. And how charming, too, Moore's entire conception of woman as recreation for the artist.

It would take a painter not yet dwelling amongst men to assemble the colors of the George Moore soul. He would have to command with idolatrous ease the elfish evening greys of Whistler's nocturnes, Bakst's vivid scarlets, and the voluptuous purples of Paul Veronese; those colors at once so primitive and so sophisticated; colors elemental as Balakirev's *Thamar* is elemental; sophisticated as Titian is sophisticated; and through them all undertones of mauve and emerald. Grey would be for mists and faeries hiding in every Druid soul that is sad with too much laughter and gay with too much sorrow. Mauve would be for half-remembered

loves, and the too late favors of sweet young women for too old men. Scarlet, that would be the *ton drolatique*. And the painting would be framed, not in gold, but in some Chaucerian bronze with the murky polish of a mediaeval cuirass worn smooth by the thigh of a fighting man.

No doubt there are many who would deny that Moore has won through to the firm ground of the unfixed. But denial is such a simple virtue it behooves us to look it over. What is it with which most men are so burdened? Wives, for one thing; not to mention the pretty little women for whom man's heart hungereth as for Living Waters. I am told that property is a very round and very heavy millstone, though there are necks that seem built to support it. But especially are men burdened with conscience: all manner of consciences. I suspect even that inner glow which comes from living up to one's neighbor standard of good repute must be a bore. Then there are babies, fraternal orders, country estates, family tombs, relatives, the deadly habit of locality, political parties, the fear of priests, and the greater fear of critics. Finally, most men "belong" to some "cause" or other; if not, then they hope some day to found one; for the twentieth century is, I fear, fated for the same predicament as the nineteenth and part of the eighteenth; it is out to "save" some one or some thing.

Consider George Moore: like the lilies of the field, he "saves" not, neither will he be "saved." He has no "cause," not even that of art. For art, like the rest of life, is what he makes his own; rather, is it not what he himself is? He conceives his allotted spell on earth as its own *raison d'être*, and is not at all alarmed by the Bergsonian threat that immortality may be a real *continuum*, instead of a statue in the eternal Temple of Art.

Moore's flexibility of interests is comparable to that other Bergsonianism—the insinuate mobility of an *élan vital*. There is about Moore something so supple, so variegated in its peregrinations, that he seems the very embodiment of Bergson's "Evolutionary Impulse;" that impalpable something which pushes out tentative tentacles to sense the quality of things; that something which was there in the beginning, but never before in Literature; something primitive as life itself is primitive; and yet refined to a very sophistication by the multiplex of its persisting mutabilities. Of such is Moore the unfixed: Moore the becoming.

If it takes a wise boy to know his own father, it takes a far wiser man to know his own Fatherland. By the very "depths" which Moore did not find in the Irish Renaissance, by the episodes he recounts, by the gullible faiths, by the will to believe, matters all quite common to the tribe of reformers and uplifters the world over, do we see, not alone the foibles and failures of Irishmen, but the foibles and failures of all men. Further, we see why there are foibles and failures, and why there always will be. Moore sees men, not at all as Ernest Hello—or was it Blake?—saw them, as "trees walking," but as Talleyrand, Tallien and Sir Thomas Browne saw them; that is, as human: all-too-human. Moore knows the Irish almost too well. For if one is to engage with "practical affairs" at all (and Moore heard a "voice" calling him Erinward, did he not?), it is quite necessary to shut at least one eye to the imperfections of men: even Irishmen and Fabians. But this Moore will never do. Indeed, he will not close even so much as half an eye to his own, much less the imperfections of others. And he has such good eyes!

We may depend upon it, there will be Lombrosos and Nordeaux a-plenty to chronicle Moore's "neurosis," since he has told us of a "voice." But I suspect this "voice" was the same which has whispered so much else into his ever-sensitive ears: the voice of his infinite curiosity: the voice of his abiding instinct to laugh a little at all things, even himself. It is quite a different "voice" than that which plagued the psychopathic peasant girl of Domremy. It is much more like the voice of *un enfant terrible*—but grown up, and before anything has come between him and himself.

For all of George Moore's intensive culture in egoism, or perhaps because of it, his is a service to art which has plenty of appreciation for others, provided they are really artists. Witness his clear devotion to the memory of Synge. Moore knows who was really the Irish Renaissance; not those who translate and re-translate, and then translate again; but that dear elf who tramped with tinkers through morning mists and twilight shadows until at last he caught the faint, hidden flicker of that Pagan flame which was Erin.

If there are those who thought Moore's early impiety would, like Huysmans' "*A Rebours*," lead him to "*La Cathédrale*," "*The Brook Kerith*" is sufficient reply. Apparently, Moore accepted the Nietzschean hint, the regret that there was no Dostoiwsky in and around the highroads and villages of Palestine. But I am glad it was Moore and not Dostoiwsky who tracked this agitator of the ancient world to the monastery and the little brook. Somehow, Dostoiwsky would have woven that professional "Russian depth" into what was, after all, a simple and not uncommon happening in the Empire of Rome, even as it is a simple and common enough occurrence with us to-day.

Compared to the labored scholasticism of Renan's conception, Moore is a "last word." For the same insight which illuminated Moore's way through to himself, enabled him to see these two famous characters as they really were: which was all that Moore is not. It is an essentially human view. They are not so clever, these two, as were those other Myth Builders, the Epicurean companions of Marius, but they are more understandable; more understandable, alas! because we ourselves possess their all-too-human counterpart in every industrial center; opportunists who comprehend with deadly thoroughness the necessity for enthusiasts, idealists, martyrs, and all the brazen bravery of delusion; enthusiasts, idealists and martyrs who understand not a thing of the sly envy, the neat duplicity and the hard materialism of an opportunist's desperate appetite for power. "*The Brook Kerith*" is a classic example of art's superior skepticism, and it is worth a whole library of Renan's pallid sociology. Since "*The Brook Kerith*" there are at least two myths that will never be quite the same again. Moore has "spoiled that pose," I believe; notwithstanding the wordy fury of that little man who was "there at the very time:" that draughtsman of the very cross on the sidewalk: Frank Harris.

As a spoiler of poses, not even Shaw is Moore's equal. Moore's susceptibility to the element of innocence in accidentality, a perception that the greatest of men, through unpurposed hazard, might have been "either a pimp or a bishop," as he says he might himself have been, such discernment leaves small room for the poseur. Moore has not so much as a drop of sociology in him, and thus he is able to perforate that other and most tiresome pose of twentieth century zealots who go forth seeking whom they may reform or "revolutionize." Moore does not see ordinary men as "members of society," but as individuals who, if sometimes not very distinct one from the other, at least are never "types," nor politico-economic abstractions, but each a very real and most often all-too-human human.

I have said that the autobiographical writing of Jack London was not literature, because it is first necessary to have a "self" to put into things: particularly autobiography. George Moore's art is a luminous illustration of the difference between autobiography that is literature, and autobiography that contains no element of transfiguration, and in which the aim is to give, not of one's own inner riches, but a "reflection of reality." George Moore has contributed one of Art's finest treasures: that beauty in transfiguration which is possible only from an artist who has something to give, and gives it. What George Moore has given can never be duplicated, for it is George Moore's interpretation of life, of art, and of George Moore. Therefore, over the gates of this temple I inscribe:

In Perpetuum, Master, Ave Atque Vale.

Letters From the People

The Hank Hendricks Parallel

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I see that Senator Works of California has announced that our present course with Germany is unjustifiable in view of the fact—as the senator regards it—that we are just about as much to blame for the *Lusitania* disaster as is Bill Kaiser himself.

He reminds us that we had been notified to keep off the seas upon that particular occasion; that the Great Disturber had given it out aforetime that in the prosecution of the Divine work then at hand he couldn't be hindered just because the *Lusitania* happened to be carrying a cargo composed of women, children and some of the world's Indispensables.

All this brings to my mind the case of Hank Hendricks.

Hank had a ranch out on the Rawhide, and in the conduct thereof, nobody could say that Hank wasn't one hundred per cent efficient. He was a hard worker, and, although a bit domineering, generally regarded as a pretty middling good citizen.

As to this regard in which he was held, some exceptions must be noted. About twice each year Hank came into town. He used to reason that he was neglecting his duty to humanity if he stayed away too long, because he bore a firm conviction that, in the great scheme of things, he had been elected to sing an important part in the Great Human Concert.

After he had been in town a day or two this view became intensified a little, as it were. Then he figured it his duty to sing the leading part, allowing the rest of us to join in the chorus only. Later yet, he would conclude to dispense with the chorus.

About the third day in, Hank used to announce that he had filed on Main street and couldn't allow any trespassers thereon. He would then write the "Verboten" notice at forty paces on the wooden sign in front of the Palace hotel and after that the town went into retirement for a time. These little pleasantries were regarded with tolerant good nature in that day and along that parallel of longitude, provided they were carried on within the conventional rules of the game and not indulged in too frequently. And Hank always paid up promptly and without protest and seldom pulled off any actual bloodshed beyond an occasional toe-marking of someone who didn't happen to step quite as fast as Hank thought he should.

But one day Hank winged an inoffensive professor of mineralogy from Cambridge, Massachusetts, who hadn't been notified of Hank's blockade, and who, just as likely as not, harbored some civilized, downeastern notion anyway, that Main street belonged to him just as much as it did to Hank. After that some little grumbling was heard here and there, and the city marshal transmitted a note to Hank, by word of mouth, to the effect that so long as he confined his gun play to the recognized rules of the game, nothing would be said about it, adjuring him, nevertheless, to go a little mite easy on that stuff, as the public wasn't now regard-

ing it as quite so amusing as formerly.

Hank allowed, however, that he had learned to run his own business some years before, and wasn't extending the marshal any thanks in advance for any more advice along that line.

So next time Hank came to town he perforated old Limping Johnny Higgins, who had the temerity to venture on Main street in pursuit of his own business after receiving fair warning that Hank was going to want that thoroughfare for his own exclusive use that night. What happened to Hank thereafter, although interesting enough, is no part of this little story.

This far the cases of Hank Hendricks and Bill Kaiser seem to me somewhat parallel.

Well, I remember that there was some little division of public sentiment over the affair for a time, since, despite all that had happened, there were still some pro-Hendrickses in the county, and since Old Limpy himself was totting iron at the time, but of all the arguments pro and con, I can't remember

Thousands of Yards of the Newest Spring Fabrics Now on Display

Silks Adapted to the Spring Modes

An extra-large shipment of the popular Habutai Silk—so much appreciated and sought for its excellent wearing and washing qualities arrived this week.

This lot represents some very remarkable values, because they were purchased before the price advance and, as always, we are giving our customers the benefit of this early purchase. Included are the light weights for lingerie, as well as the medium and heavy weights desirable for men's and women's shirts, women's skirts, petticoats, etc.

27-inch Habutai Silks, 50c to \$1.50

36-inch Habutai Silks, \$1.25 to \$2.00

Shanghai Duck is a new member of the silk family which we are now introducing. It is good looking, serviceable and washable. Comes in white and the leading colors. 34 inches wide. **\$1.25**

Floriswah—a printed Radium Crepe which we are showing in an extensive range of new designs in up-to-the-minute shades. Suitable for sports apparel and coat linings. Unsurpassed for wear. 40 inches. **\$2.50 and \$3**

New Taffetas, Satins, Striped Taffetas, Charmeuse, Striped and Plain La Jerz, Striped Pongee and Crepe Shirtings, Georgettes, etc., are among the other fashionable silks for Spring.

Silk Shop—Second Floor.

New Dress Fabrics Galore

Fancy Tweed Suitings in attractive mixtures—54 inches wide—are exceptional values at, the yard **\$2**
Silk-and-wool Taffeta is a beautiful fabric that is especially desirable for dresses and separate blouses. Shown in pretty shades of Burgundy, Holland and Navy Blue, Plum and Wistaria; 40 inches wide. The yard **\$1.75**

Velour Plaids and Stripes—for sport coats and skirts—are shown in some new and delightful color combinations. This fabric is 54 inches wide and is priced, the yard, **\$2 and \$2.25**

Indestructible Silk Dress Voiles—light weight and durable—are shown in all the wanted street and evening shades; 42 inches wide. The yard **\$2**

Chuddah Cloth is a deservedly popular material, and this wool-and-mohair fabric which we are showing will not crush, making it especially good for traveling and general wear. Shown in a wide range of colors, including Brown, Peanut, Laurel Green, Plum and Navy; 42 inches wide. The yard **\$1.50**

Silk-and-wool Poplin is one of the wanted fabrics this season, and there is nothing better for one-piece frocks. We have just received a new shipment in Burgundy, Nickel Gray, Plum, Electric, Marine and Navy Blue, Rose Color, Hunter's Green, Taupe, Catawba and Admiral; 40 inches wide. The yard, **\$1.25**

New Shantung, Gabardine, Voile, Roxana Cloth, Rampoer Chuddah, Silk-warp Crepe Poplins and Silk-and-wool Crepes—40 to 48 inches wide. The yd., **\$1.75 to \$2.50**

Black Fabrics

At \$1 a Yard

44-inch All-wool Crepe Egypta.
43-inch Shadow-stripe Mohair.
43-inch Imported Wool Batiste.
42-inch Storm Serges.

At \$1.25 a Yard

42-inch French Crepe.
40-inch Prunella.
50-inch Mohair Sicilian.

At \$1.50 a Yard

44-inch India Royal.
42-inch Tussah Royal.
50-inch Fancy Wool Suitings.
56-inch Granite Cloth.

Dress Goods Shop—Second Floor.

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth.



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Special Department for Cleaning and Repairing Rugs

Clear and Best Work Done in the City

of anyone ever suggesting that the warning Hank had given was sufficient justification for the torpedoing of Old Man Higgins.

And right here is where the parallel of Hank Hendricks and Bill Kaiser diverges.

JOHN P. EVERETT.

Sturgis, South Dakota.

+

Gene Field's Birthplace

St. Louis, Feb. 8, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Local newspapers aver that the Grant-Dent Association intends to purchase and preserve the house where Eugene Field was born. This intention may be admirable, but the matter presents difficulties, since the house on Collins street where Eugene Field was born was razed many years ago.

There is a house on South Broadway bearing upon its outer wall a bronze tablet reading, "Here Was Born Eugene Field, the Poet." This tablet was unveiled by Mark Twain and David R. Francis in 1904. I witnessed the act; and in a manner I was innocently responsible for the marking of the house where Eugene Field was not born.

In this wise did it happen: Fourteen years ago, when serving on the staff of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, I wrote a story about Eugene Field in St. Louis. Among the men whom I interviewed to get data was Field's guardian, who told me that Eugene was born in the South Broadway house. I put that in the story.

The University Club clipped the story and apparently without further investigation used the birthplace statement in attaching the bronze to the

bricks. Roswell M. Field, brother of Eugene, came down from Chicago a few days later and tried to find the house where he and his brother were born, but discovered that it was missing. The Field boys lived for a few years in early childhood in the South Broadway house. The aged guardian's memory was at fault.

I would suggest that if the Grant-Dent Association buys that house it revise the legend; and also that all poets, or persons who are threatened with poesy, or those who by heredity, environment or perversity are potential addicts to the habit, should mark their own birthplaces.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

A Book Review

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Listen!

Here's something new
In a book review.

There's a man out on the West coast,—
A newspaper man
Of Portland, Oregon,
To be exact,—
Who has published a booklet
Slim and slender, and fat
With friendship.
He calls his book
"Once Over."

The maker of this joyous book
Isn't chesty of free verse,
Or of being a poet
Or of any high-brow
Or low-brow flim-flam,
He's just a plain
Newspaper man
Filling his daily column
For what there is in it;
And "Once Over"
Is the happy result.

But—
And here's reason for this review,
Or appreciation,
Or whatever you care to call it:
This chap's little book
Is poetry
From cover to cover;
Real poetry!

He doesn't hesitate
To sling stars into his stuff,
Or rambler roses,
Or whispering winds,
Or cloud castles
Wind turreted;
Or the love of wife and children,
The laughing dreams of little children,
The sober dreams of kids grown up,
The sighs of down-and-outers—
Or the pranks of a black and white
Pup.

He doesn't hesitate
At anything
To put his stuff over—
And he's as far removed
From sentimentality
As Tom Carlyle
From serenity.

His is the joy of living
And the sorrow of it,
Joy transcending sorrow
Through brotherhood;

His is the wedding
Of imagination and sanity,
Rarest of writers' nuptials.

And listen!
The man who wrote
"Once Over"
Is Herbert Rex Lampman
Of Portland, Oregon.
Get his book
And read it
For the good
Of your soul!

HARRY B. KENNON.

Prairie Du Chien, Wis.,
Feb. 10, 1917.

A Translation

Iberia, Mo., Feb. 7, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

One of your subscribers recently directed my attention to a sonnet of Joseph-Maria De Heredia which, he said, you had reprinted in an issue of the MIRROR, at his request and challenge to an even half-sufficient translation. Accepting his personal dare at once, I am now sending you my effort at it, thinking that it might, perhaps, be of interest to your readers, though I do not claim by any means that I have been successful—that you can judge for yourself. This is the original French, and the translation follows:

LE RÉCIF DE CORAIL

Le soleil sous la mer, mystérieuse aurore,
Eclaire la forêt des coraux abyssins
Qui mêle, aux profondeurs de ses tièdes
bassins,
La bête épanouie et la vivante flore.

Et tout ce que le sel ou l'iode colore,
Mousse, algue chevelue, anémones, oursins,
Couvre de pourpre sombre, en somptueux
dessins,
Le fond vermiculé du pâle madrépore.

De sa, splendide écaille éteignant les
émaux,
Un grand poisson navigue à travers les
rameaux;
Dans l'ombre transparente indolent il
rôle;

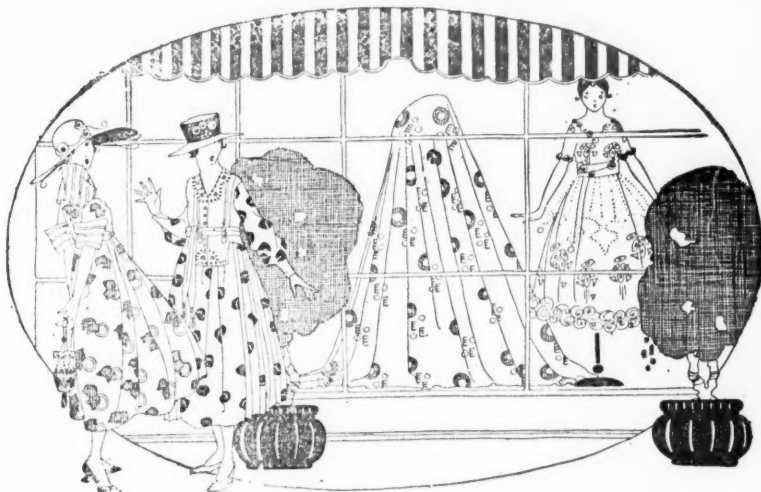
Et, brusquement, d'un coup de sa
nageoire en feu,
Il fait, par le cristal morne, immobile
et bleu,
Courir un frisson d'or, de nacre et
d'émeraude.

THE CORAL REEF

Under the sea indefinite dawns illumine
The lacéd forest of the coral reefs,
Where mingle on the floors of tepid
steeps
The spreading polyp and the living
bloom.

All which the salts have tinted into
gloom,
Seaweed, anemonë, moss, urchin sleeps
In dulcet purple, sumptuously steep
With shade the wan whorls of the
coral's womb.

With splendid scalls staining the jeweled
rock,
A great fish swims where branches interlock,
In lucent twilight indolently bold;
And suddenly with fin of flaming hue



Feminine Interest is Centered This Week in the

February Silk Sale

When this event began, a total of 41,000 yards of high-grade and desirable Silks and Satins were involved. These represent many fortunate purchases arranged for some months ago, and delivered at far below the market value.

This February Silk occasion presents the advance spring styles in Silks, as well as thousands of yards of staple Silks, all at remarkable savings.

When one considers the increasing scarcity from day to day of good Silks, and the constant price advance, the importance of this Silk occasion is at once obvious.

Now that the spring fashions are well defined, scores of shrewd buyers will avail themselves of the opportunities this event affords, mature their spring dress plans and provide the fabrics while such wonderful saving chances are to be had.

Watch our advertisements from day to day for specific instances of these noteworthy Silk-buying chances.

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GRAND-LEADER

SIXTH-WASHINGTON-SEVENTH & LUCAS

He makes through all the dim, immobile
blue
Ripples of emerald, and pearl, and gold.

Yours very truly,
BENJAMIN HORTON.

Reforming the Calendar

Webster Groves, Mo., Feb. 10, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

While the reformers are laboring upon a redistribution of the light and dark hours, they might well turn their attention to an allied subject, the calendar, the most unsystematic and involved of all our devices for recording the flight of time.

We all experience the tiresomeness of having to turn up the calendar, or recall the old "Thirty days hath September" rhyme, in order to locate the exact date of our coming engagements, or to discover what day of the week some future date falls upon. A systematization of

our monthly divisions of time would do away with all such tedious computations, and render reference to a printed calendar as unnecessary as to a printed multiplication table, in the ordinary affairs of life. It might be done in this way:

Divide the year into 13 months of 28 days each, which would equal 364	
In ordinary years, add New Years Day	1
In leap year, add Leap Years Day	1
	365
	366

The two extra days always to be placed at the beginning of the year.

By such an arrangement, every day of the week would have its fixed days of the month. If Sunday were adopted as the first day of the week and of the year, all the Sundays would fall on the 1st, 8th, 15th and 22nd; the Mondays on the 2nd, 9th, 16th and 23rd, and so on.

No need thereafter to get a calendar to find out what day of the week the 4th of next August would be; we would know at once that it would be Wednesday. If we made a 90-day note on January 10th, it would require no careful computation to fix the fact that the term of three months and six days would mature on April 16th, a Monday.

I cannot foresee that there would be much confusion incident to such a change, unless it were in locating some of our holidays. Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays would occur on February 15th and 25th, instead of the 12th and 22nd. We would hoist the shamrock on the 20th instead of 17th of March. Decoration Day—the last day of May, Labor Day—the first Monday in September, and Thanksgiving, would present no difficulty, while Christmas would hold its place in the last of the months. The Fourth of July would probably be the hardest to adjust to the general satisfaction, for the exact date—the 185th day of the year—in the new arrangement would fall on July 25th. We would have to decide between regard for the precise date and love for the old name.

The plan is not original with me. I read it, many years ago, in a tale supposed to have been written in the year 2,000, and was mentioned as one of the reforms of that age. It appealed to me as being a sensible, labor-saving arrangement, and I have often wondered why some of our energetic promoters of efficiency have not seized upon it before this.

JAMES R. BETTIS.

♦♦♦

From a German Workingman

St. Louis, Feb. 12, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

So all of a sudden you come to the conclusion that "The President is Right!" Well, I reckon this and many other conclusions concerning the right and wrong of certain actions of nations in this war are instances of the Pharisaic readiness of the American people to substitute formulas for facts.

For instance: After the war broke out we solemnly declared the United States to be thoroughly neutral and observed nation-wide prayer days for peace; at the same time we feverishly manufactured millions of dollars' worth of war material for one of the belligerents. We excused ourselves and justified our neutrality with the statement that we were willing to sell to the other party too if she could come and get it; and thus helped to prolong and support the war indefinitely; yet we are praying for peace.

Then England with her allies, including Japanese, Chinese, Mongolians, Negroes from the jungles of Africa, and other savages and half-savages, finds that she cannot outfight the Teutonic nations, decides to apply her old, time-honored trick—starvation of innocent women and children. She strews the Channel and parts of the North Sea with mines and declares Germany blockaded, telling us and the other neutral nations that English and Allied ports can be the only destinations of our ships; not even Red Cross supplies were allowed to go into Germany. To this our wise and exalted President renders

a very suave and polite objection to England, but, of course, never hears of it any more.

Germany, not possessing such a monstrous navalism as England, answered with her submarines, warning all neutrals to stay out of the described zone. This, unlike England's admitted illegal blockade, our "humane" President meets with a demand for "strict accountability." Then the *Lusitania*, loaded up to her gunwales with shells and high explosives for England, is sunk. A hundred or so of people who were fairly warned and had every opportunity to stay away, were drowned. A big howl is raised by us, but not a thought is given to the thousands of innocent children in Germany who were to have been rendered fatherless with the munitions carried in that ship. We shake our heads in horror over the drowning of a few dime-novel-like braggadocios who, like unreasoning little children, insist upon their right to sail the seas, but we do not object to the starvation of seventy-five or a hundred thousand helpless women and children who have no chance to sail away to safety.

Germany never wanted war—never wanted to "crush" anybody. From the outset even to this day, England's cry has been "Germany must be crushed!" Very recently Germany offered her hand in peace; England answered, "Fight to the hilt; the Teutonic nations must be crushed!"

Our President shoots off a bombastic speech for universal peace and humanity, which Germany heartily accepts but England answers with a sneer—and by extending her mine fields in the North Sea. For this new outrage Germany in self-defense retaliates with her submarines. Now our humane, peace-loving President breaks off diplomatic relations with Germany and invites the rest of the neutral world to follow his example, thus dragging the entire world into this vortex of slaughter and destruction. How humane!

Says our honored Benjamin Franklin: "A learned blockhead is a greater blockhead than an ignorant one." And "Here comes the orator with his flood of words and his drop of reason." Let President Wilson and his lackeys pin this in their hats.

Herewith I wish to express my sincere thanks to Mr. Jason M. Wakefield for his able defense of the Germans—mark you, Mr. Reedy, *not* of the Kaiser. I am just a simple-minded German workingman, but it seems to me somewhat incongruous to entitle Mr. Wakefield's letter with "From an Admirer of the Kaiser." In the entire letter there is not a single word said in admiration of the Kaiser. The letter is in behalf of the Teutonic peoples, not of the Kaiser. The title seems to suggest an intent of prejudicing the reader's mind from the start; which also proves that you don't feel quite safe in your contention that "the President is right."

Also for the information of Americans, permit me to state that in all Germany you will never see anybody bursting out in hysteric applause at the sight of the Kaiser, as you do here in democratic (?) America see Americans applauding the President, even his



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Advance models, of course—and the very latest styles that are appropriate for immediate wear. Some are plainly tailored—with a simplicity that is always charming. Others are box-plaited Norfolks and mannish pinch-backs. The coats are chiefly 30 or 32 inches in length; and the skirts, plainly tailored, give evidence of many graceful pleats.

The newer style features are embodied in the dainty silk collars and cuffs, the novelty wool stitching, and in many other points of fashion interest; and the materials are the staple serges, poplins, gabardines and worsted checks. As for colors—you may choose from tan, gray, green, taupe, violet, blue—and black. Women's and misses' sizes. Choose early—and wisely—at

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picture on a movie film. Fatuous self-aggrandizement is not only silly; it's disgusting.

I, too, am in deep perplexity.

An admirer of truth, reason and fair play,

LOUIS LEHMANN,
3402 Bell Avenue.

An over-zealous Scotch host was one night trying to trust just one more cup on his would-be departing guest. "Just another wee drap afore ye go," he said. "Na, na, I'll tak nae mair. I'm in a new lodgin', and I'm no vera weel acquainted w' the stair."

Henry Ford

By Alma Meyer

Who is Rose Wilder Lane? Hitherto unfamed as an author, in "Henry Ford's Own Story" (Ellis O. Jones, New York) she has distinguished herself by a biography of a famous man at once so honest and simple as to give one the feeling of intimate knowledge of the man's character and a sympathetic understanding of the obstacles he overcame. The narrative moves along as lightly and as entertainingly as fiction, yet as realistically as fact. Many who know only of Mr. Ford's achievements and have formed therefrom a conception of his personality will be amazed oftener than once at this revelation of the real man.

Incidents of childhood show Ford as the ordinary American boy disliking Sunday clothes and Sunday school and possessing the average boy's curiosity as to the mechanism of a watch. His passion for machinery led him to spend all his play time in the farm blacksmith shop as well as many of the hours that should have been devoted to sleep. At the age of sixteen he ran away from home and found happiness in working in a Detroit machine shop at \$2.50 a week. That sum being too small to live on according to his ideas of comfort, he obtained night employment in a watch factory and thereby augmented his income \$2.00—which was fifty cents more than he knew how to spend. As soon as he had learned all he could at one establishment he would go to work in another. In all alike he was impressed by the waste of labor and material due to the haphazard methods of the time. Even then he dreamed of a factory so perfectly organized that there should not be the slightest waste either in the making or the assembling of the parts, whose product should be fifty cent watches made by the millions.

Before this dream could be realized, an accident to his father took him back to the farm and there he remained six years. He married and built his own home but eventually the urge was too great and he returned to Detroit. He labored twelve hours a day for forty-five dollars a month and then spent half the night working on his gasoline engine. Nine long years did he work on it and then at three o'clock one rainy morning he discovered it would go! The engine was covered and he didn't fear the rain so he started bravely forth from his shed, only to learn that he didn't know how to guide his car. Also there were things about it he thought he could improve. Five more years were spent in improving until at last he had an engine that satisfied him. Through the financial backing of a sandwich vendor—his one real friend at the time—he built a car that won the Grosse Pointe race and attracted the attention of capitalists. Many were willing to invest their money in manufacturing his car but each wanted the control of the company, and this Ford was determined not to yield. Another friend came to his aid and he built an 80 h. p. automobile—can you imagine an 80 h. p. Ford racing car?—and had Barney Oldfield race it. This turned the trick and interested capital on Ford's own terms. All went well for a very little time and then the

other partners demanded that more luxurious cars be built and the profits be distributed in dividends; Ford wanted to build a car for the poor man and put the profits back into the business. The result was a dissolution of the partnership, and Ford once more faced the world with nothing but his invention. Two friends stayed with him and the three started a small factory. By dint of collecting for the cars before they were finished, material was supplied and labor paid—but it was often a close call. Once the pay-roll failed and it was only through a personal appeal to the men, and their confidence and loyalty, that the organization was saved. It was recollection of this aid that prompted the enormous Christmas checks a few years ago and resulted in the present scale of wages based on the five dollar minimum. (It is Ford's theory that doing the best possible for others means doing the best for yourself.) It is untrue that any restrictions or surveillance go with this salary. The report may have arisen from the fact that before deciding upon the present scale Mr. Ford ordered an investigation into the living conditions of his 20,000 employees, and six months afterward another investigation to determine whether the wage increase had really benefited the men in their homes. It had.

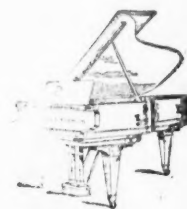
High wages is not the only distinguishing feature of the Ford plant. Ford says that no one man should have the power to deprive another man of work. Hence when a foreman finds a man's work unsatisfactory the man is sent before an employment adjustment board, by whom his case is considered and his fitness for certain work determined; he is then shifted to another department and yet another until he finds his proper place. There is a hospital complete in every detail. There is a heat-treatment department more beneficial for tubercular patients than the climate of Colorado; here are sent those suffering from incipient tuberculosis and here they are given lighter work at their regular salaries until they are cured.

Mr. Ford has never cared for money for itself. He has never cared for the things which mean recreation and pleasure to the majority of people—opera, art, leisure, sports, etc. He has always worked hard—not for money, that will come he says—but for the perfection of his idea. A gasoline propelled vehicle so cheap as to be within the reach of everyone, and a practicable farm tractor have been his aims. In the face of disbelief, discouragement and opposition he has attained the first, and the second will soon be marketed. His religion or philosophy is simply that "a thing isn't any good unless it's good for everybody—the thing that is best for the greater number of people is bound to win in the end."

In the account of Ford's early struggles Miss Lane pays high tribute to his wife, Clara Bryant Ford. She gave up uncomplainingly a comfortable home for comparative poverty on what if Ford had been unsuccessful the world would term the whim of a foolish, impractical inventor. Through all his years of hardship he was buoyed up by his idea, his ambition, his confidence in himself, while she had nothing but her love for him.

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Not even friends, for she had broken off diplomatic relations with her neighbors because they called her husband crazy. She kept the home bright and cheerful, she assumed the financial worries, and night after night—so great was her desire for comradeship—she sat patiently in the old shed silently watching him at work and oblivious of her presence. On second thought I am not so sure about that "silently," for Mr. Ford says, "A wife helps a man more than anyone else; she criticises him more."

The jaded novel reader longing for a thrill will welcome Katherine Keith's "The Girl" (Henry Holt, New York) because of its "different" quality and its varied appeal. Purporting to be the autobiography of a very clever young girl from childhood to womanhood, in a series of impressionistic pictures excellently correlated it affords glimpses of an everchanging ego elusively alluring. In the early years fact and fancy are interwoven, sharply distinguished yet closely associated; there is the atmosphere of a dream world more real than reality. With the coming of college days romance and imagery are subordinated to realism, and the bitter surprises of the business side of creative literature are bravely met. The chapter relating experiences with the magazine "for discarded truth and rejected fiction" is remarkable for its lack of reserve and through details which patently have not been imagined will be recognized by the cognoscenti as history. Another unusual feature of the story is its phase of the "eternal triangle"—a father and son in love with the same woman yet loving each other more.

A Striking Portrait

There is on exhibition in the Noonan-Kocian galleries a most striking portrait of Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, done by the artist Rogers, associated with the Strauss Studio. There is more to it than mere life-likeness. It is artistically painted. The subject is not flat. The painting has anatomy. The coloring is splendid. Mr. Rogers' treatment of the venerable churchman's portrait is

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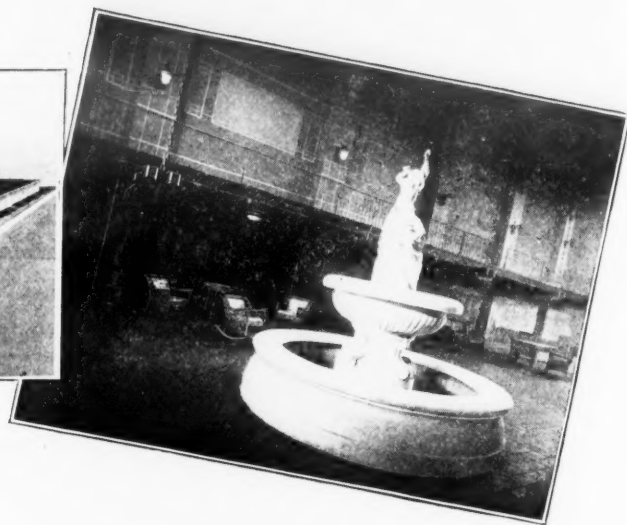
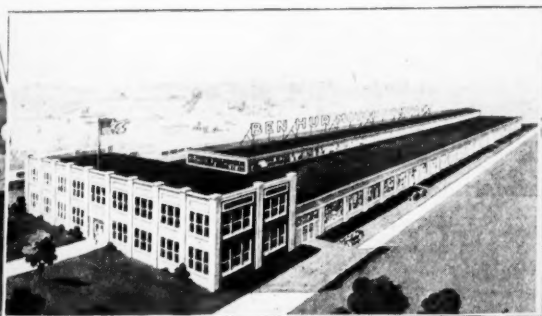
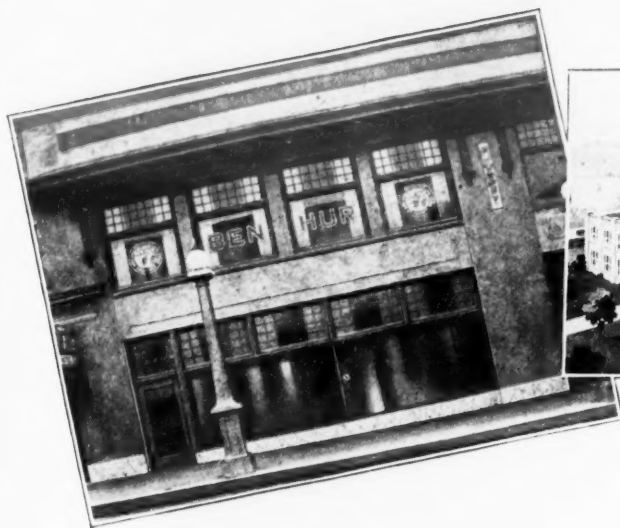
Kess & Culbertson

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not "prissy." It has a quality of spontaneous freedom. It could not have been better if done from life. One gets from it a very definite sense of the subject's personality. There is no cramping prettiness about it. Many prominent Catholics have been delighted with this presentation of the venerable hierarchy of their communion.

A very inquisitive man was sitting at the table next to a man who had lost an arm above the elbow. "I see you have lost an arm," finally was ventured. The one-armed man picked up his empty sleeve and peered into it. "Great Scott! I believe I have," he answered.

Abuse of the pension system is illustrated by the Bostonian who discovered, in a distant New England town, a former townsman and policeman in a new uniform, walking a beat. "How is this?" asked the visitor. "I thought you were on the Boston force." "Oh," exclaimed the transplanted policeman, "you see I'm pensioned by Boston, so I moved. Now I'm working here."



Ben Hur Show Rooms

When you step into the long room in the building that makes a wedge at the "Lindell cut-off" and which has one front on Olive and the other on Locust, you have the impression of being in the lobby of some kind of an art gallery. You do not receive this impression from any pictures that you see, save a number of mural decorative paintings and the fine fountain near the center of the room, but rather from the general artistic ensemble of the place and its simplicity combined with richness. Then you see several automobiles and know that it is an automobile showroom. An inquiring glance will reveal that this is the showroom of the Ben Hur Motor Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, which claims to make one of the best and most sumptuous cars now on the market. The showroom has recently been opened in the building at the intersection of Olive, Locust and Lindell, by Mr. Wesley E. Stanger, who was formerly a newspaper reporter, but fortunately escaped while still young.

The showroom is certainly unique as well as striking and beautiful. The lower half of the walls is finished in red gum, which is coming to be recognized as one of the finest finishing woods on the market. A mezzanine floor runs entirely around the room, supported on its outer edge by heavy chains that run from the ceiling to the supports. The mezzanine floor is railed by a light trellis of ornamental iron work. The walls and the beamed ceilings are plaster, painted in fawns and stone grays in simple designs. From the ceiling are suspended half a dozen extraordinarily heavy bronze electroliers which give the concealed or reflected lighting effect. In fact, the entire electric lighting system is a remarkable thing in itself and requires a switch-board bigger than that of a skyscraper. On the mezzanine floor will be the office, together with a toilet room and a rest and reading-room for ladies. The panels of the walls above the mezzanine floor are decorated with paintings from the great novel, "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace. It is the intention of Mr. Stanger in a short time to install on top of the wedge-shaped building a great electric moving picture of the chariot race from "Ben Hur."

In the center of the main floor is a

magnificent fountain with double basins, which when running at night will be lit with electricity. This fountain is surmounted by a marble group that is a work of art. It was bought in Italy a number of years ago by the late R. M. Scruggs and is a costly production. It represents two mermaids, one upright and the other recumbent. The main floor is paved with red tiles, with a number of green rugs scattered over it. The furniture is of gray wicker, upholstered in chintz. This furniture was made especially for the Ben Hur people.

As stated, the general effect is very striking. Its simplicity, beauty and art will instantly impress all persons of taste and discrimination. "And these are the kind of people we expect to do business with," says Mr. Stanger, "for our car is intended to appeal to that class." It is an artistic interior, and Stanger claims that it is one of the most beautiful automobile showrooms in this country. Inasmuch as it is an attempt to make business more amenable to considerations of art and beauty, the plan is to be approved. The double fronts, opening on Olive and Locust at a point where all the wealth and fashion passes on either side almost daily, makes this a highly desirable location for the purposes to which it is devoted.

"And now I'll tell you about the car," says President Stanger. "We believe we have the most elegant and sumptuous car manufactured in this country. The effort of headquarters at Cleveland is to make the best car instead of a low-priced car. But considering all the elements of the case, the Ben Hur is really cheaper than many of its competitors. This is because the Ben Hur is a complete car, finished and ready to run, even to a tank full of gasoline. The big profits with some dealers is in the sale of accessories. A man buys a car, or thinks he does, until he is reminded by the salesman that he needs a dozen or more accessories, some of which are indispensable. When these are added to the cost of the car, its price is often greatly increased. We handle no accessories here. They are all on the car—everything that can be possibly thought of to add to its comfort, utility, elegance and beauty. In addition to this, we issue a coupon book to every purchaser, entitling him to free repairs at any repair garage in this country. This relieves the purchaser of re-

sponsibility to the repair man until he acquires some knowledge of his car. We assume all the cost of such repairs, the bills being sent to us. The Ben Hur Motor Co. has adopted as a part of its policy the idea expressed in the motto: 'The customer is always right.' Hence it virtually insures every customer uninterrupted service."

The writer of this does not pretend to know much about motor cars, but to him the Ben Hur car seems to be one of the most elegant and perfect to be seen anywhere. In other words, he would say that the car has "class."

The beautiful showroom has but recently been opened. Mr. Stanger is the president of the company that has the Southwestern agency. This house will be the headquarters for the Southwest. In ending this article it may be said that the president is a very agreeable young man and the pleasure of meeting him will not be one of the least enjoyments of those who go to see this beautiful car in an elegant showroom.



The Local Business Boom

There is a cry from certain quarters that too many factories are going up across the river and that St. Louis will eventually be but the smaller adjunct of her other portion in Illinois. Now that the river is bridged at various points, why should there be a division; even so, need St. Louis complain if the noise and smoke are left on the other side while headquarters are maintained here? However fast the east side is growing, there is a development in the north and west and south that seems to know no bounds. Down on South Broadway the Monsanto Chemical Works are building an enormous addition, and the famous Anheuser-Busch firm is completing a million and a half dollar plant for the manufacture of Bevo, the demand for which has been greater than the supply ever since its introduction last summer. Not less popular—across the water—is the product of the Wagner Electric Company, which has been running night and day for many months! Just as busy as the Wagner is the Union Electric Company, and in a manner as beneficent to mankind as the other is malevolent. It secures electric current from the Keokuk dam and distributes it as light and heat and power over a large territory, including St. Louis and

near-by towns. Its volume of business is so great and its organization so perfected that it is able to provide its customers with every comfort and convenience, including trouble service night and day. Another St. Louis lighting and heating corporation apparently puts the interests of its patrons above its own; it affords them every facility possible and voluntarily reduces its rates at intervals dictated by patronage. Also it is no small element in the manufacturing industry of the city, since it supplies the fuel for the gas furnaces used because of speed and economy in the melting of copper, brass, aluminum and other soft metals.

But to get back to the factories. Public service corporations suggest street railways—St. Louis is claimed by some to have the best street railway system in the world, but we'll say nothing about that here—which in turn suggest the St. Louis Car Company, whose cars are to be found in almost every city in the western half of the globe. The same is true of the Koken Barber Supply Company, while the Keen Kutter tools of the Simmons Hardware Company are to be found all over the world, as are St. Louis-made shoes and hats and shirts and stoves and automobiles and beer and coffins. St. Louis is indeed one of the biggest manufacturing and distributing centers of the world, but the fact is not generally known because her citizens are not eternally blazoning it. Only last week buyers came from all countries for the annual fur auction, yet the event scarcely made a ripple in local commercial circles. If our business men would take time from doing things to talk about them more, our fame would undoubtedly be greater, but—well, a number of advertising agencies have recently been formed, and perhaps they will remedy this.



Wonderful sport models—distinctly different—snappy—exclusive fabrics, up-to-date dressmaking. Original models for white sport skirts. Schumack, 856 Century Bldg.



On the test paper in answer to the question, "What do we mean by the plural of a word?" Lucy had written: "By the plural of a word we mean the same thing, only more of it."

Edward Douglas White

By Margaret B. Downing

Washington, February 10.—It is an American habit to make a great fuss over "Our Times." They are the best of times, the men living now are doing better and more useful things than all other men who have lived in this country since it was wrested from the Indians. The Chief Justice is not neglected in this indiscriminate use of magnifying glasses, though the verdict of history may confirm this snap shot estimate in a larger degree than that of other publicists. For one thing, Washington and its people and its visitors see the Chief Justice more frequently than they do president, vice-president, speaker of the house and cabinet officials combined. For he has the good old-fashioned habit of a daily walk to and from the capitol from the second Monday in October when the Supreme Court convenes until it disperses for the summer vacation. So promptly does he appear at Fifth and Pennsylvania avenue about 11:30 in the morning that a favorite wager with the sporting characters thereabout is whether he will be a minute early or late according to the post-office clock. The Chief Justice is in his seventy-second year, but he is a figure to fill the street to the exclusion of all others. He walks with the free, swinging stride of the outdoor man, with an alert air of taking in his surroundings to the least detail and of catching and responding to every greeting, even to a friendly glance. His eyes are clear and keen and his countenance denotes strength yet gentleness, while his general appearance is that of a man just past middle life still in superb physical health. Two members of the Supreme Court are his elders, Holmes who is seventy-six and McKenna, who is seventy-four. Both of these Associate Justices have snowy locks and that fragile old ivory look which usually means the passing of the years allotted to man. The Chief Justice is ruddy as to skin and hair, with a massive face and large, double chin, familiar in his photographs, and he has looked this identical way for the thirty years past.

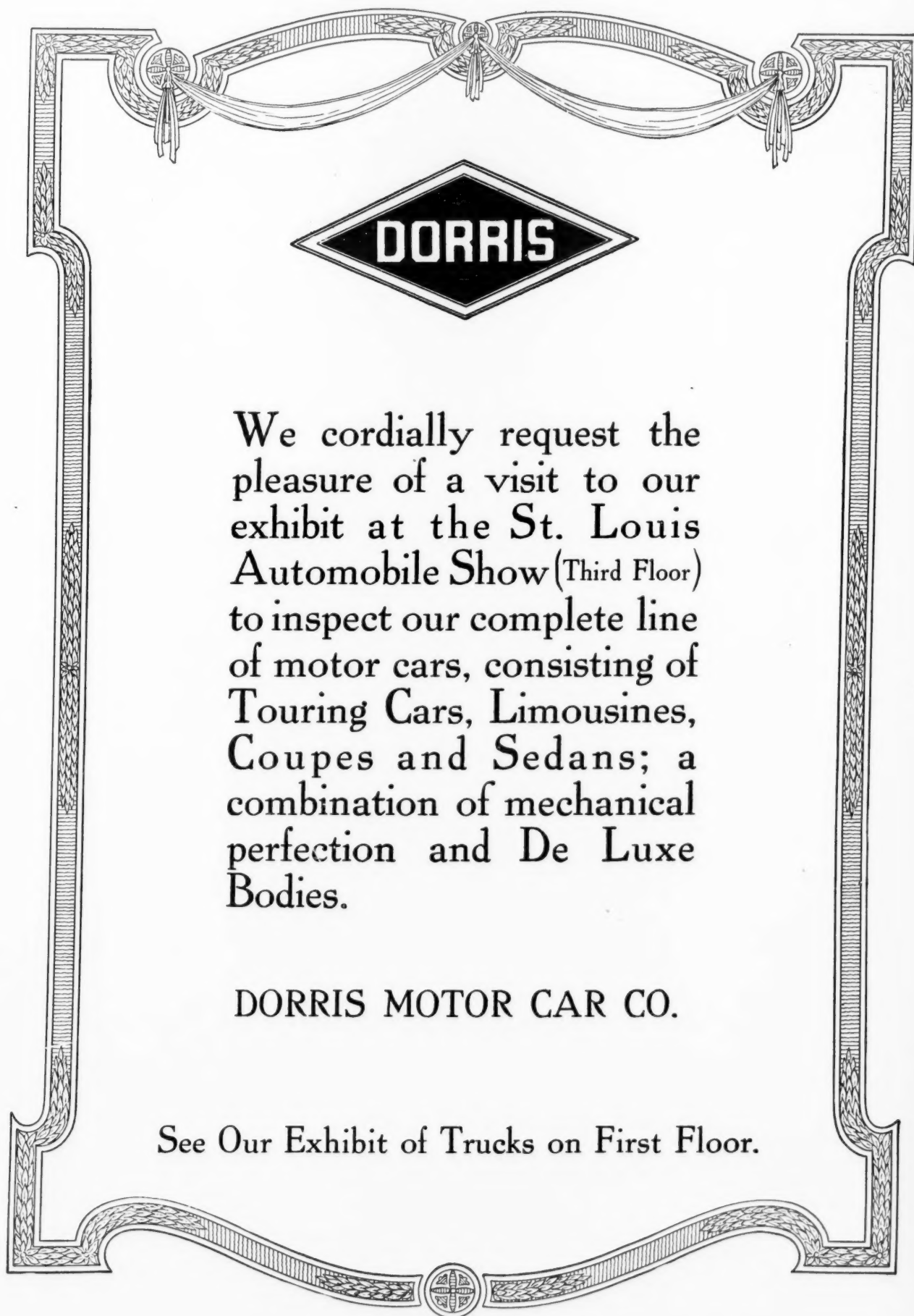
There is a tradition that the White family belongs to those pathetic confessions of the faith, the Acadians and that the name was originally Blanc. The Chief Justice rarely reverts back further on his ancestral tree than his grandfather, James White, who went to the territory of Louisiana from Philadelphia and became one of the builders of the state in the first decade after its American occupation. His father, the elder Edward White, was governor of Louisiana, but whether the Whites were indeed Acadians, is a question which the present head of the family will not discuss. If it be true, then many of the complex traits which merge in the Chief Justice could be explained by his Gallic descent. For he is at once the most prosaic and yet the most sentimental of men. He has the nicety of the Latin mind in untangling legal problems yet the broad humor of the Celt and the humaneness of the Scot, and underlying all, the habit of gauging everything after a spiritual valuation. Withal, he

is American to the last trait, as witness his devotion to the national game. It is related that the most distinguished Catholic churchman on this continent, Cardinal Gibbons, once casually met the most illustrious layman, Chief Justice White, and the two at once plunged into what seemed a most earnest and absorbing conversation. It was when the question of the sale of the Friars' lands in the Philippines was a burning question and there were many looking on, who would have given a good round sum to

be close enough to get the gist of that talk. Later on a scribe who knew the jurist well and was trusted by him joined him on the street and asked blandly what the Cardinal thought of the impending legislation. The Chief Justice looked so blank that he was informed at once; the legislation about the Friars' land. "Why, we never mentioned such a thing," said the head of the Supreme Court, simply, "we were talking baseball."

As an object lesson for the good little

boy and the worthy and ever diligent student, the career of Edward Douglas White puts all preconceived notions out of gear. To begin with, he stands at the head of the list of those men who failed to win academic honors at school and college, who have fought and won most gloriously in the battle of life. There is a tradition that he was requested by the faculty of Mount Saint Mary's, near Emmittsburg, Maryland, not to return after his one term from 1856 to 1857. It used to be said he was ex-



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pelled from that well-known seat of learning, but well for the safeguarding of the growing youth this tale does not stand scientific investigation. He was, however, too high-spirited and independent to suit the faculty of Mount Saint Mary's in the waning fifties. They wrote his father they had concluded it would be wise to change the school of this unruly youth. Young Edward must have had a stormy session with his sire. For many years he ignored the Mount Saint Mary's part of his education and refused to join any of its academic associations. He has long ago forgotten this episode and now writes boldly among the institutions which contributed to his book-learning the Maryland academy. Governor White evidently with an eye to keeping a sharp lookout on his son sent him to the Jesuit college in New Orleans, a worthy establishment connected with the French province of the order, and with a curriculum which savored more of Paris than of an American city. The year that Fort Sumter was fired on found the young student in Georgetown College making his studies in philosophy and incidentally making several kinds of a record. He lacked two years of getting his A. B. degree when he one day appeared before the president of the college and said he could not remain another hour when his country needed every son who could bear arms. He packed his trunk and departed, making his way across the Potomac to the army of Early, and then southwards. So he was all but ejected from his first school and he ran away from his college and he never took any sort of a degree until after the peace of Appomattox when he began the study of law in a private office in New Orleans, later taking up the courses at the University of Tulane.

There is a class of historians who will write their verdict against the name of White—those who see all things through the haze of politics and who assert unceasingly without change of word or intonation that the appointment of the Associate Justice from Louisiana was a strategic move on the part of Taft to offset the feeling created by Roosevelt in the episode with Merry del Val and the late Roman Pontiff, Pius X. This class asserts that nothing else would explain the passing over of that revered figure in the Supreme Court annals, John Marshall Harlan, more imposing not only in the national but in the international sense. Harlan lacked but a few months of rounding out his thirty-fourth year of service on the bench and he was of Taft's political faith. It was known that he ardently craved the honor and already touched by the finger of the disease which afterwards proved fatal, his friends represented to Taft that he could name Harlan and that White would not be kept long waiting. There are historians who say that ignoring Harlan hastened his end. No one can tell. It was pathetic, however, that having placed before him as guide and model the great jurist for whom he was named, he had a presentiment he would live to see thirty-four years on the bench as John Marshall did and that he would die Chief Justice. One part proved true, the other a dream.

If Taft's motive in appointing White was to win Catholic votes, it availed nothing, though the appointment worked out much better for the nation than other appointments which had expediency for a basis. All historians must agree that the honor came to White unsought, and that though the Republicans were profoundly shaken and the Democrats as profoundly distrustful, not a protesting voice was raised against the confirmation. Grant, in 1873, sent to the senate the name of George H. Williams, of Oregon, to be Chief Justice in succession to Salmon Portland Chase, and he was rejected. Again he sent the name of Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts and again the senate would have none of his selection. So the supporters of the purely political aspect of White's appointment must concede he had at least a commanding and estimable character. Then all such appointments have been political. There is no disguising that and no reason for making it a charge against the integrity of one president against another. Washington selected Patrick Henry for causes not difficult to distinguish. He also selected John Jay. Adams could find no better man than Jay after his fiasco with several others, one of whom declined the appointment and the other failed to secure the endorsement of the senate. Jay did not wish the office again and Adams has the honor of having selected John Marshall from a vast number which clamoring statesmen presented for consideration.

The Chief Justice will in March of this year complete his twenty-third year on the bench, and his ambition it is said is to finish his quarter of century of active service in the august tribunal and then to seek retirement. He is the only associate member of the court who ever accepted the promotion to the Chief Justiceship, though the same honor was offered William Cushing of Massachusetts. He preferred to remain an Associate Justice and in his time it was really as honorable a post, for even the superficial know that John Marshall exalted the office into its present greatness. So that while White will be, if he lives until 1919, twenty-five years on the bench, he will have but nine years to his credit as superior officer of the supreme tribunal, one of the shortest terms on record and ranking next to John Jay's and Oliver Ellsworth's, both of whom resigned the office. Marshall entered the circle as Chief Justice and held the post for thirty-four years. Roger Brooke Taney of Maryland, Jackson's selection, and, like White, a Catholic, was Chief Justice for twenty-eight years. Chase, of Ohio, left Lincoln's cabinet to accept the Chief Justiceship and he held it nearly ten years. Morrison Remick Waite of Illinois was Chief Justice for fourteen years and Melville Fuller, also of Illinois, for twenty-two.

It has been remarked that opinions handed down by the supreme court defy classification, as wise or useful, great or ignoble, for at least twenty years. A pertinent example is furnished in White's career. In 1903 he was in the minority and wrote a forcible and lucid paper on the Northern Securities, as governed by the Sherman anti-trust act.



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In 1897 he wrote the opinion of the minority in the Joint Traffic case. In 1910-11, after he became Chief Justice, he sat on these same cases presented under a new aspect and his decision was with the majority and seemingly in contradiction to his former attitude. Legal opinion, however, had changed and he changed with it, as he did in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco dissolution cases. It is held that his later opinions do not harmonize very clearly with his former, but time possibly will make his position more definite.

A genial and democratic man is Edward Douglas White and he has said of himself that he ceases to be Chief Justice when he takes off his robes and descends from the tribunal in the capitol where the judiciary holds sessions. He comes of conservative and reserved people, in the personal sense, and his home, the same which he established twenty-five years ago when he was a member of the senate, is distinctly his refuge from the cares of public life. It would be a bold creature indeed to intrude there. Yet he is the simplest of men, stopping to chat with his neighbors and practically greeting the entire congregation of St. Matthew's on Sunday mornings. He takes an easy and gracious view of his official importance. Judge Fuller was a stickler for his rights as head of the second of the tripartite divisions of the government. He once stalked out of the White House during a reception to the judiciary because some careless attendant had given the place of

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honor to a diplomat, and he never appeared at a dinner party with any official or foreigner who might be construed as having a higher rank than himself. Judge White never troubles about that. He has the gentle courtesy of the Latin and the will of his host is his will for the nonce. Not once since he accepted the high office has the troubled question of precedence clouded the horizon. In social assemblies, he is at once recognized as a great man and he is placed as honorably as the occasion will permit. He is a devoted son of Georgetown and of the Jesuits and his next beloved objects are the Democracy and the South.

The Black Widow's Mercy

By Jack Bechdolt

Men of science agree that there is one spider the bite of which is to be feared. The black widow (*Latrodectus mactans*), also known as the "hourglass," is a desert insect. It is common in the sandy districts of middle and lower California. In several authenticated cases its bite has caused death.

When Prof. Ralph Darrow, of the University of Washington, held up a black body almost an inch long impaled on a pin and told the students in his entomology class that it was the deadly black widow, there was naturally a craning of necks. The announcement that followed caused even greater interest.

"Imagine my surprise," said Prof. Darrow, "at receiving this specimen from our own state. It was found on a wild beach of Puget Sound not two hundred miles north of Seattle. Mr. Bowling, the father of your classmate, Tom Bowling, made the discovery, and sent this specimen to his son for identification. How these desert spiders got so far north I do not know, but before the summer is over I hope to be better acquainted with *Latrodectus mactans*."

Thus did Tom Bowling receive the answer to a proposal that he had made just before the class met that morning. With sparkling eyes he drew Prof. Darrow aside as soon as the class period ended.

"It's a go, then?" he asked eagerly.

Darrow, who was thirty years of age, smiled back at Bowling, who was twenty, with the same boyish enthusiasm.

"Of course it's a go!" he declared heartily. "I'll be ready to start the Monday after commencement. We'll find those spiders if it takes us all summer."

Six weeks later, on a pleasant morning in July, when the wide expanse of Puget Sound glistened like blue silk, a sturdy launch lay beached on the shore of Whidbey Island. The northern end of the island breaks off in sand cliffs that face the Sound. In some places the cliffs are almost perpendicular; in others they have a gentle slope.

For ten days Darrow and Bowling had been skirting this shore in a leisurely search for the deadly black widow. The ashes of four camp fires lay behind them. They had searched ten miles past the spot where Tom Bowling's father had found a solitary specimen—the spider that he, unaware of any danger, had dropped into a paper bag, and that he had sent to his son because he regarded it as a curiosity. They had found no sign of another black widow.

Tom was discouraged, but Darrow laughed and reminded him that the spider might easily have traveled twenty miles from its colony. Young spiders, he said, often launched themselves from the tree tops, and drifted on the wind by a parachute of their own webbing.

"The spiders will surely be in the sand," Darrow declared. "We must look along those sandy cliffs."

The beaches beyond the cove where their camp lay were strewn with huge

rocks and at high tide became impassable. This morning, accordingly, Tom and Darrow made their way to the top of the cliff. Darrow carried a plate camera swung by a strap from his shoulder. Under one arm he had a wide-mouthed collector's bottle. The big pockets of his heavy shirt bulged with notebook and spare plate holders. Tom was laden with a coil of light Manila rope, the canteen and the luncheon.

At the brink of the cliffs they began their search. Where the slope was too steep for them to climb down they used the rope; one stayed at the brink to bend the line round a tree trunk and to raise and lower his companion.

Toward noon, Tom, clinging to the taut rope and digging his heels into the sun-baked sand, climbed wearily to the top of the cliff.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself on the ground. "I know now just how a fish feels when it hits the frying pan. That sand is just about as cool as the top of a red-hot stove."

Darrow mopped his moist face. "It's too hot to work," he said. "Let's have a bite and then loaf for a couple of hours."

"The canteen's dry again," Tom said. "I'll hike back to that spring we passed and fill up before we eat."

Darrow grunted assent, and stretched himself wearily on a carpet of moss close to the brink. A moment later his extended foot touched the specimen bottle, which he had set down. The bottle turned over slowly and hesitated at the edge of the slope. The entomologist sat up and reached lazily for it, but, even as he reached, the bottle turned over again. In a little cloud of dust it slid down the cliff and brought up, ringing but unharmed, on a projecting rock forty feet below. Darrow groaned and eyed the errant bottle spitefully. As far as the rock where his bottle lay the slope was not steeper than forty-five degrees, but it was all soft sand. Beyond the rock it seemed to pitch off more sharply to the beach.

With his face to the earth, Darrow

launched himself backward over the cliff; his feet ploughed great furrows in the sand as he lowered himself toward the rock. When a glance over his shoulder told him that he was close to the bottle and as near the brink of the steeper slope as was safe, he hunched himself to reach for his property. As he moved he felt the sand beneath his feet slowly yield. He dug his toes in to get a firmer hold, but was alarmed to find that he was slipping faster. He threw himself upon the slope, face down again. His progress slackened gradually, almost stopped, then began again. Gently but surely he was sliding toward the brink; the whisper of the sand that was cascading over the cliff told him that he was near the danger point.

The earth suddenly dropped out from beneath his feet, but as he plunged downward he clutched at a rock close beside him. His body came to rest, with his feet overhanging the empty space. He peered up into the hollow under the projecting boulder, and there he saw the cave of the black widow.

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Although at first Darrow did not see the spider, he knew that his search was ended, for across the mouth of the little natural cave was a web. Hanging from it by strands of spider silk were little bundles—the bodies of black beetles wrapped in webbing. *Latrodectus mactans* is one of the few spiders that attack armored insects like the beetle. It snares its victims and hangs their bodies before its home as a butcher hangs beeves before his shop.

In another second, however, the seriousness of his plight crowded aside Darrow's scientific interest in the spider's lair. He lay with both arms stretched above his head, grasping the projecting rock. Although only a part of his weight pulled against his aching muscles, his position was decidedly uncomfortable. No matter how he turned, he could not get a firm purchase on the flowing sand with his feet. He dared not let go the rock.

"Tom, O Tom!" he shouted.

A black, furry body darted out from the gloom of the cave under the rock. Alarmed by the shaking of her home, the black widow had come forth to give battle.

Darrow's rolling eyes saw the spider not two feet from his face. Comparatively small though the deadly insect was, she caused him to shiver with repugnance. Coal-black was her coat everywhere except for one scarlet splash on the abdomen—the "hourglass" marking that distinguishes the female. She was not far from an inch long. Fresh from feasting among a heap of beetle husks, the widow had darted forth angrily, and at the sight of this strange foe she had "frozen" to an attitude feigning death.

The entomologist accepted the challenge and struck first. Shifting all of his weight to his right hand, he aimed an awkward blow with his left at the ball of black.

The blow went wide; a second blow also missed the mark. As he struck, he gave his right arm an excruciating wrench, and had to grasp the rock again with his left hand. The spider darted back into her cave.

"Tom, Tom, hello—help!"

Darrow's husky voice cracked. He was hot and thirsty, and now grew suddenly faint. There was fine sand in his eyes and nostrils and between his teeth. The pulsing blood pounded like trip hammers at his brain.

"Tom Bowling, Tom, help!" he called, trying to catch a glimpse of the cliff top.

Something tickled his hand, and Darrow, turning his eyes, gasped. The black widow had swung herself up on a silken cord until she had reached Darrow's wrist. Now, on velvet feet, she moved across the strained tendons. There was a moment that seemed like eternity. Darrow's eyes were glued on the spider. His breath fluttered in his throat and his heart seemed to cease beating. He waited, tingling, for the pain of the spider's poisonous bite.

His strained muscles ached, but he dared not move lest he provoke an attack. An almost irresistible impulse to let go and end the suspense came over

him. But that way lay certain death; if he could hang on until the spider left his hand, if he could only strike without being bitten, one sharp blow would crush the beast.

Darrow's tired eyes watched the widow crawl across his warm flesh, exploring curiously. The seconds dragged past, dusty, scorching hot, terrible.

"Tom, Tom, Tom, O Tom Bowling!"

The spider then stopped, alarmed; but as Darrow's shouting ceased she stirred again. In a flash Darrow remembered something that gave him hope. The spider has an acute sense of touch and feels the slightest vibration, whether in air or earth. The breath of his shout had alarmed the widow. If he could keep the spider paralyzed with fear for a few brief seconds, he believed he could pull himself up to safety.

Twisting his face in the sand until he fronted the foe just overhead, he blew fiercely. A shower of sand particles flew from his lips and bombarded the poisonous widow. Instantly she curled into a lifeless ball.

In a flash Darrow put the accidental discovery to effective use. He sucked up a mouthful of sand and blew it at the spider. The bombardment was effective. Half buried in sand, the widow continued to feign death.

"Now or never!" Darrow muttered. He summoned every ounce of his failing strength. The cords stood out on his hands and wrists, and his tired muscles quivered as he slowly crooked his elbows and forced his body upward. He groaned under the torture, but not for a second did he relax his effort. His knees floundered for a hold in the sand, slipped, and then caught for a brief instant.

It was a shifty kneehold, but enough. He had both arms round the rock now; with his knee he got a purchase on it, and in another second he lay upon the table-like projection. In that moment of triumph he felt the spider stirring again, but now he could cope with her. With a quick flirt of his left hand he sent the black widow spinning a yard away. Then he rolled over on the rock and for five drowsy minutes lay very still.

When Tom Bowling returned from the spring, he spied his friend floundering through the sand just below the top of the cliff.

"Call that resting," he began; but Darrow interrupted him.

"Look!" he croaked hoarsely, waving his specimen bottle. "I got the widow—but—she pretty nearly—got me!"

As he spoke he reached the top and there crumpled up, utterly exhausted.—*Youth's Companion*.

♦♦♦

The unsettled state of Irish affairs reminds of a slip made by the Duke of Wellington during a House of Lords debate on Ireland. In the course of his speech he mentioned that two clergymen had been murdered in Ireland. A noble lord on the other side of the House rose at once to correct him. "No, no; only one." "Only one?" rejoined the duke. "Well, if I am mistaken I'm sorry."

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Music

By Victor Lichtenstein

Eugene Ysaye

The St. Louis Symphony Society presented the great Belgian violinist as soloist at its tenth pair of concerts. This Titan among contemporary musicians, this unique interpretative artist, was in excellent condition and apparently in the happiest frame of mind; for never has the Odeon been surcharged with such electrical waves of passion and tender feeling as emanated from the fingers and the bow of the great master.

Ysaye, although over sixty years of age, is a living refutation of the theory that the executive artist loses his cunning after passing the forty-fifth milestone. No living violinist possesses such flexibility in the right arm, and his speed, especially in the Havanaise of Saint-Saëns, was simply terrific; every tone standing forth from the orchestral web with the clearness of crystal. But we do not think of mere mechanical execution when we talk of Ysaye's art. That baffling freedom of rhythm, that marvelous subtlety of nuance, that entrancing pianissimo, and that colossal vigor and sweep of dynamic accent, are unique in the annals of art. It is very doubtful whether the world has ever seen his superior. The majesty of his style in the slow movements of old Vivaldi's concerto is indescribable in words; it must be heard to be felt.

As, a mark of courtesy toward his distinguished colleague, Mr. Zach placed upon the programme a composition by the brother of the violinist, a Fantasia on a Popular Walloon Theme; and as

a further act of consideration handed the baton to Ysaye, who conducted this charming and humorous work with a fire and freedom most delightful. The orchestra members fairly reveled in their task under his inspiring leadership.

Mr. Zach gave us a second performance of Debussy's three sketches, "La Mer." This impressionistic canvass had a decidedly better effect on the audience than at its first performance two years ago. Whatever the opinion as to its relative immortality in the world of art, there is no denying its originality as a tone picture of emotions evoked by a contemplation of the vast ocean. Debussy's music is so utterly different from the conventional language of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it is so delicate and cloud-like and fluid in its structure and movement, that it perturbs and distresses the devotees of the old regime; we must approach it with clear and open mind and give ourselves up unreservedly to the magic of its soft and elusive atmosphere. The conductor with his enlarged orchestra of eighty men gave an admirable reading at both performances. Ysaye told me that he was delighted with the improvement in the orchestra and expressed himself in the warmest terms as to Mr. Zach's courtesy.

Ysaye shows the keenest interest in the work of the younger generation; in our Brussels student days we heard many a first-time performance by him, either with his quartette or with his magnificent orchestra. He has not changed in this attitude toward the struggling young artist, and on Sunday morning of last week read through a quintet for piano and strings composed by one of our local violinists, Mr. Max

Gottschalk. Ysaye played first violin, his son, second, Mr. Brown of the Symphony orchestra, viola, and Mr. Dambois, Ysaye's accompanist, the 'cello; the composer officiated at the piano. Max told me that the old man read it with such beauty of tone and nuance that he could hardly follow his own part at the piano; Ysaye made a few wise suggestions as to possible improvements in the scoring, and was enthusiastic as to its musical merit. I am familiar with the quintet, as I have heard it played at an informal meeting of the American Guild of Violinists; it is a serious piece of chamber music of decided originality. This little act of graciousness on the part of the great artist toward his young colleague is but one of hundreds of other similar acts of kindness and helpfulness.

Albert Stoessel—American Violinist.

Young Stoessel will give two concerts in St. Louis, one on Friday evening, February 16, at the Principia, and the second on Monday evening, February 19, in the Sheldon Auditorium; on both occasions he will be assisted by dear Edna Stoessel at the piano, who is a worthy collaborator of her artistic brother. His programmes include a wealth of beautiful music; the delightful Franck Sonata in A Major, Saint-Saëns' Havanaise and Beethoven's G Major Romance (both of which were played by Ysaye last week); and shorter compositions by Schumann, Bach, Brahms, Kreisler, Granados, and the young composer's own "American Dance." Stoessel is not a coming artist; he has already reached full artistic stature, and in his compositions has demonstrated the possession of refined taste and an original vein of invention. Both events will give pleasure to all true amateurs.

Homer Moore's "Louis XIV."

There will be four performances of "Louis XIV.," Friday, Sunday and Monday evenings, February 16, 18 and 19; and Saturday matinee, February 17. A review of the opera will appear in the next issue of the MIRROR. The postponement of the Monday and Wednesday performances was necessitated by Constantino's illness.

The Stoessels are Coming

St. Louis never fails to honor the celebrated violinists; Zimbalist, Elman, Kreisler, Ysaye, all cause the S. R. O. sign to be hung forth. Now comes another great violinist, the youngest of them all, St. Louis' own son who has won fame in Berlin and Boston—Albert Stoessel. He is the son of a St. Louis theater orchestra leader, studied here for a time and then completed his musical education in Berlin under Emanuel Wirth and later Willy Hess. As concert master of the Hess academy orchestra he often played before royalty. He made one concert tour in Europe and had signed for another, when cancellation was necessitated by the war and he returned to this country a year ago. At one of last season's symphony concerts he appeared as soloist and has since played in Boston. In addition to his concert work, he is known quite ex-

tensively in Germany for his twenty or more excellent compositions; his two latest ones will soon be issued by Schirmer. On the evening of February 19 (next Monday) he will appear in repertoire at Sheldon auditorium and will be accompanied by his sister, Miss Edna Stoessel, a finished pianist. Let not the musician be without honor in his own country.

♦♦♦

Non Compos Mentis

By Ernest L. Meyer

One moment. I must laugh . . . So! Pardon me for beginning thus, but it is really very droll. You would laugh, too, if you know what I know. Patience! I shall tell you, and then we shall meet on even ground.

I have just come away from a friendly meeting and *Sipping* with the *Garroters*. You know the *Garroters*. Quite an intellectual lot. Oh, very! You know what are its requirements for admission. A rejection slip from *Scribber's Magazine*. Quite so. I had that, and also one from the *Atalantis Monthly*. They were dumfounded. They kotowed. I treated them as equals, and at that they were very pleased indeed.

It was a most successful meeting. Those present numbered fourteen intellectual giants and a small keg of beer. Which I enjoyed the most I cannot tell—to-night. Each was a source of inspiration, however.

Well, well, this is all beside the mark. Brother Kilthem read a story, a translation from the Hebrew. The keg had not been broached. His voice died away in silence. There was no applause. Brother Jams read a verse of his own manufacture in an emotional bass. It was called "The Wail of a Lost Love," and it was unusually musical, as wails go. The keg was one-third empty. There was a little hand-clapping, but that was all. And then I took the rostrum and read my masterpiece, "The Tragedy of Shirt-waist Sue." It would have brought tears to your eyes, if you had heard me. The keg was empty. I was rewarded with vociferous applause. The fourteen intellectual giants grew wild with enthusiasm. They wrung my hand. They shouted praises into my ears, and Brother Joh gave me a copy of the *Wisconsin Libertine Magazine*—free! And then they drained the last drops from their steins, stole another olive, and went home. Some of them never got home. I remember finding Brother Feeny in a dazed condition an hour later, headfirst in a rainbarrel, peering through the bung-hole, and gravely begging the rain-pout to blow out the moon so that he might go to sleep.

This is all amusing, no doubt, but you have yet to be apprised of the really funny part of the whole business. It was just this—but before I tell you, I must have your promise to keep it to yourself. . . . Thank you. Now I can safely continue.

You remember how I was received by the *Garroters*, how they scraped and pump-handled before me, how they heaped praises on my head. And they

are all intellectual giants, remember that! Well, then, how do you think they would feel if they knew that they had bowed and scraped before a man with the brain of a child seven and one-half years old?

Isn't that droll? I have laughed all night over it. I am laughing now.

Impossible! you may say after laughing with me. No, no! It is true—absolutely! I have the brain of a child exactly seven and one-half years old, no more, no less. Prove it, you say. Patience! I shall do so.

It all began when my late friend, Dr. Stanislaus Wopzinski decided that he was tired of being a liver specialist. Dr. Wopzinski was a very learned man. You may have read his article on "Cod Liver Oil as a Therapeutic Agent," which was printed a year ago in the *Journal of Medicology*. I have not, but he told me often that it is very interesting. Well, after writing that illuminat-

ing thesis, Dr. Wopzinski decided he could retire from the liver specialist field with high honors. He did. He went in for neuropathology, psychopathology, and neuropsychopathology. He studied the Binet tests for mentality one afternoon and found they were absurd, utterly worthless, based on fallacious assumptions. He devised a series of tests himself. I have told you he was a very learned man. It was child's play for him. Then he examined 122 boys and girls from the juvenile detention home. One month ago I called on him and asked him how his work was progressing.

"Wonderful," he assured me, tectering on his toes and jingling his bunch of keys in high good humor. "I may say in all modesty the result of my examination was most gratifying. Among the 122 boys and girls I examined, 122 were idiots, imbeciles, or morons. I am greatly pleased. It proves my theory that all criminals are *non compos mentis*.



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Hotel, Club and Cafe

I am going to write a work about it, in three volumes, red morocco bindings."

"Marvelous, Dr. Wopzinski," I exclaimed. "I hasten to offer my congratulations."

"Thank you. Hm! Hm! Yes, my dear friend, they were either microcephalic, epileptic, eclamptic, hydrocephalic, traumatic, inflammatory, or paralytic idiots. I am quite proud of the Wopzinski tests. Come, let me show them to you."

I followed him into his laboratory. It looked like a miniature top shop. There were all sort of queer contraptions in it: toy building blocks, puzzle cut-outs, mysterious combinations of keys and locks, doughnuts, and bamboo canes. The doughnuts looked fresh and inviting. I picked one up and nibbled at it.

"Careful, my dear friend," warned Dr. Wopzinski. "You have taken the first step in the first test. Four-year-old minds nibble at doughnuts the moment they spy them."

"Most interesting," I laughed. "Allow me to take the rest of the third degree. It will be a most instructive experiment."

Dr. Wopzinski seated himself at a little table and pulled out of his pocket a stop watch and a record chart.

"Very well," said he. "String that heap of doughnuts on the bamboo cane as fast as possible."

I seized the cane and a handful of doughnuts and proceeded to string. I dropped a doughnut. I picked it up. I dropped several more. I picked them up. At length they were all strung on the bamboo cane.

"Hm!" muttered Dr. Wopzinski, making marks on the record chart. "Next to the doughnuts you will find a wooden frame and five pieces of wood that will exactly fill the frame if you place them correctly. Do so as quickly as you can."

It was most amusing—and so simple. But the blocks wouldn't fit. There was no use trying. They couldn't have been squeezed into a rubber frame. I gave up.

"Hm!" murmured Dr. Wopzinski, making more marks. "Now the puzzle picture. Fit the pieces together to make a picture of a giraffe with a broken neck and three legs."

I did so. But the giraffe was a long time coming.

"Hm!" said the doctor. "And now the puzzle box. The problem is to get the hook off the nail and make the bell ring."

I did that, too. I performed several more tests. Then Dr. Wopzinski finished his records and consulted a volume of tables.

"My dear friend!" he gasped, growing pale.

"Dr. Wopzinski!" I exclaimed.

"Look here!" He held out the record sheet. It ran something like this:

1. Introduction doughnut problem done in 2' 39" with four drops and one nibble.
2. Construction puzzle A a failure in 9'.
3. Giraffe puzzle in 4' 36".
4. Puzzle box accidental success in 18 moves.

5. Construction puzzle B in 6' with 8 errors.

6. Building blocks problem a failure in 10'.

CLASS—Moron, 7½-year brain.

"Good God, doctor!" I cried. "I; a moron!"

"The Wopzinski tests never err. You are a moron," said the doctor hollowly. "My poor, poor friend."

With the shriek of a doomed man I ran from the accursed place. Hatless, I scuttled down the street. People stared after me. They were looking at my seven-and-one-half-year-old brain and laughing. I gained my room. I tore my hair. I looked into the mirror. I smiled. It was the smile of a moron. I had seen it in a picture somewhere. Suddenly I remembered that I had a strange habit of putting my thumb into my mouth when in doubt. My niece does that. She is exactly seven and one-half years old! The Wopzinski tests were mercilessly accurate. I was a moron!

Next morning I struggled between doubt and fear. It could not be. I recited Hamlet's soliloquy. Could a moron do that? I raced to the library and consulted book after book. I came across this in "Britannica":

"Comparatively speaking, there are few idiots or imbeciles who are uniformly deprived of mental power. Some may be utterly sottish, living a mere vegetable existence, but everyone must have heard of the quaint, crafty sayings of manifest idiots, indicating the presence of no mean power of applied observation. A man may possess a very considerable meed of receptive faculty and yet be idiotic in respect of the power of application."

Quaint and crafty sayings! Mark that! I had once sent a joke to the *Hawk*, but it had not been printed because it was quaint and crafty. No power of application! Mark that again! I was always behindhand with my English themes. It was the last blow. There is a tear stain on that page of the "Britannica"—page 600 of the volume HUS—ITA.

But after a week I took courage. No one seemed to notice that I had the brain of a child seven and one-half years old. No one but Arethustra Jones. And she will not tell. She told me so.

It happened like this. I took Arethustra to a dance two weeks ago. I stepped on her dress and ripped off a yard of canary-colored silk.

"Fool!" she cried.

"Arethustra!" I gasped.

"Idiot."

She knew!

"For the love of God, Arethustra, keep it to yourself. Tell no one," I groaned, groveling before her.

"Would I go around telling people that grass is green?" she hissed.

Arethustra told no one. I am sure of that. No one save she and Dr. Wopzinski suspected that I was a moron. I came to feel a certain keen delight in the knowledge that everybody treated me as an intellectual equal. Professors lectured gravely at me and gave me essays to write. I sent things to the magazines and collected a rare heap of rejection slips, and at that Brother Rose-

PLAYERS

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Republic: "Rather too much of the anti-grape-juice' stuff."

Post: "A vehicle for 'wet' arguments. One wonders whether the town was so rich and happy when it was 'wet' originally, and, if so, why it ever went 'dry.'"

Reedy's Mirror: "'A Dry Town' is a better play than dozens of attractions which the citizens of this town have been paying from a dollar and a half to two dollars to see."

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ham invited me to attend the next meeting of the *Garroters*. It was really most amusing. I was proud of my power of simulation. Secretly I laughed at them, long and often.

The day before yesterday I again called upon Dr. Wopzinski. I called to ask about a cure. I found him as I had found him before, teetering on his toes and jingling his bunch of keys merrily. He informed me sorrowfully that there was no cure. There was no doubt about it. I had all the hydrocephalic symptoms, he said. I watched him teeter on his toes and jingle his keys. Something popped into my mind.

"Dr. Wopzinski," I said sternly. "Have you ever taken the Wopzinski tests? You jingle those keys as a two-year-old child jingles his rattle."

His face turned white as a sheet. He staggered blindly on his feet.

"All is discovered!" he shrieked.

And he fell over, a dead man.—*From Wisconsin Literary Magazine.*

♦♦♦

An End of Tire Trouble

"The tool box has been the most vital part of automobile equipment since the first car was made," says W. L. Burgess, sales manager of the Stearns Tire and Tube Company, "but the invention of a puncture and blowout-proof inner tube has eliminated the necessity of at least those things which comprised 'first aid' to tire troubles. Among them might be enumerated the back-breaking pump, blow-out patches, vulcanizers and a horde of other time and joy-kill-ing accessories."

These things go into the discard with the coming of "Sternwear" inner tubes, the invention of Edward Sterns of St. Louis, which make puncture and blow-outs impossible. This new tube is protected by patents in every foreign country, as well as in the United States, and is made in St. Louis by the Sterns Tire and Tube Company, of which Sterns is president.

The Sternwear tube made its debut to motorists at the New York Automobile Show, held in January, where it registered a profound hit with thousands of car owners. It is said to be an achievement in tire-making and officials of the Sterns Company claim that old style inner tubes will soon be completely replaced by this new invention.

The Sterns Company has been one of the most prominent exhibitors at each of this year's motor shows. In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Indianapolis and San Francisco, Sternwear tubes occupied conspicuous spaces, and at these shows orders were placed by motorists for thousands of the St. Louis firm's product.

During show week in Kansas City, car owners and dealers will be given an opportunity to see Sternwear tubes. The company will occupy a large space in the accessory section, where daily demonstrations will be conducted by Sales Manager Burgess, who is here for the show.

♦♦♦

White—Is your business a paying one? Black—Yes, that's about all it consists of.—*Chicago Herald.*

Lilium Giganteum

By Dan Boyes

Soames leaned back in his garden chair and closed his eyes. Ten feet above his head the crowded spikes of long, white, tubular flowers poured out their heavy fragrance. As the sun sank lower and lower it seemed as though the thick, rather coarse, perfume literally dripped from those foot-long, purple-stained trumpets.

Soames inhaled it in great draughts. There was something sensual in his enjoyment which I found decidedly unpleasant. He looked like a man under the influence of a drug.

It struck me that he had altered a great deal during the years that had elapsed since I last saw him. He had always been a clever gardener, but at no time—so far as I could remember—a garden maniac. Now he had certainly got gardening on the brain. Our conversation that afternoon had consisted, on his part, of long and—to me—tedious dissertations on plants; and, on mine, of a series of vain attempts to head him off this subject. However, I bore it as well as I could, for my train did not leave until half-past nine, and there was not a soul in the place whom I knew, except Soames.

He went on talking in a curious voice that gradually attained a sort of remoteness: as though he were half asleep or talking to himself.

"It is a significant fact," he said, "that poets, who represent the sensual and sensuous side of our nature in its highest development, are never tired of comparing the beauty of women to that of flowers—and particularly to that of lilies. But they never compare a flower to a woman. To do so would be to rouse laughter. For everyone deep within himself knows that a flower—with, of course, the possible exception of certain crucifers, or the humbler ranunculaceæ—far surpasses in sheer appeal to the senses the cruder lines and coloring of the human body. . . . Of course, in mere molecular complexity—which goes, as is well known, with the higher developments of conscious matter—man is superior to a lily. But what is the penalty of this complexity? A grossness which is insufferable to anyone with the least pretense to refinement. On the one hand, we see a plant, the product of whose respiration is for the most part pure oxygen or pure water; on the other, we have man, to the by-products of whose organism—let alone the waste products—one shrinks even from referring. . . . And there is another aspect of the question: not only are plants exquisite in themselves, but they are constantly transforming ugliness, often loathsome ugliness, into beauty. All over the world plants in their myriads are engaged in turning the sordid products of human and animal life into form, color, or scent beautiful beyond expression. A shovelful of manure laid at the foot of a rose-bush, or applied during the winter to one of these lily-beds, is changed in a few months, or even weeks, into beauty that defies the skill of the greatest poet. . . . Heavens, what a pity it is that we cannot do this with all the ugliness in the world! Think of the criminals, the drunkards, the in-

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The Suffragette Review, the latest William B. Friedlander production, headed by Flo Bert. Lupita Perea, a Spanish girl of 19 years of age, who is called the queen of the air. Freddie James, the world's worst juggler. Jack and Foris, in a sensational comedy novelty acrobatic act. Lun and Anelika, Hawaiian singers and dancers. Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures.

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sane, the cripples, and all the rest of the deformities, mental and physical, which make our social system hideous. What a pity we cannot turn them all into lilies, into roses; or even into humbler botanical families, such as, say, the primulaceæ or some of the smaller monocotyledons. For it is the duty of every man to extirpate ugliness wherever he finds it, and, if possible, to add to

the world's stock of beauty." He paused. I thought he had gone to sleep and was glad of it, for his maunderings bored me inexpressibly.

It was growing dusk and the heavy silence of a summer evening was settling down gradually upon the garden. A long way off one could hear the grinding of a country cart upon the road that led to the town, or the whistle of a rail-

way engine; but that was all. And stronger and stronger grew the drug-like scer.

"There was Ginnis, mumbled that dreamy voice in the dusk, "he was a lawyer down there in the town. Head of an old-established firm of solicitors, who in a quiet, unostentatious way have ruled this district for a couple of generations. I had no grudge against him: I did not hate him, or anything of that sort. And he liked me, I believe, extremely. But he was an offence. Fat, gross, horrible—an eyesore. Gradually he got on my nerves. He grew insupportable to me. I could not bear to sit in the same room as that abominable travesty of the human form. And so, one October evening, I buried him. . . . He came up here to see me about something or other when I was remaking the bed for my giganteums—this very lot—and the temptation was irresistible. I gave him to them. . . . His hat, coat, and umbrella were found near a bridge over our local river. Nobody knew why he should have committed suicide. His affairs were in order—flourishing, in fact, as the affairs of solicitors do. . . . They never found his body. . . ." Soames chuckled softly to himself.

"Then there was Thwaites. His offence against good taste was a matter of ethics rather than aesthetics. Personally I detested the man, but for all that he was very popular. He was, in fact, what is known as a Good Sort. However, like many another, he had a shady side to his character: a side which, in my opinion, rendered him unfit to be a member of society; his deformity, though mental, being no less gross than Ginnis' physical deformity. . . . And so I buried him, too. . . . They found his hat and coat where they found Ginnis'. . . . I gave him to my bed of Szovitzianum—they are coarse feeders and send down strong roots from the base of the bulb. They did well this year; one stem had twenty-four flowers and was nearly six feet high. Dozens of people came to see them. . . . Fine, they were. Really very fine. . . ." His voice died away.

I looked at him. He was asleep. Very, very carefully I rose from my chair.

But it was a basket-chair, and being relieved of my weight at once commenced to give out a series of small squeaks and crackling sounds, after the manner of its kind.

Soames awoke.

"Hello, what are you doing?" he asked sharply. "Have I been asleep?"

No doubt my face gave me away. He leapt from his chair. There was a spade stuck in the border near him. He seized it. I ran for my life.

He was almost within reach of me when I arrived at the garden wall. I turned to the right and heard the spade go smash against the brickwork. Then I dodged round a clump of rhododendrons and stood listening.

It was still as death in the garden. On the far side spire after spire of those loathsome lilies shone bright white in the gloom, and the air was poisonous with their beastly perfume. I shuddered as I looked at them.

Soames was evidently waiting for me to move. But where was he? I could see nothing distinctly—nothing save the silvery whiteness of those ghastly flowers.

Suddenly there was a faint rustle on the left. I turned, like lightning; and like lightning he was upon me from the other side. The cunning devil had pitched a stone to distract my attention.

The next instant his hands were at my throat. And the instant after that I caught him fair in the wind with my knee.

He went down like a log.

God knows how I got home. I spent nearly the whole night and the greater part of the next day in trying to come to some decision as to what I ought to do. But I could decide nothing: my nerves had given out, absolutely.

However, it was not necessary for me to decide anything. Within twenty-four hours of my adventure there were thick headlines in the evening papers. "Fatal Bridge. Third Mysterious Suicide!" they shrieked.—*From the English Review.*

♦♦♦

At the Theaters

The famous "Ziegfeld Follies" of 1916 will be the Jefferson Theater offering during the week commencing next Sunday evening. The organization is coming to this city following sensational engagements in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Pittsburgh, where the big revue has been received with unusual favor. One hundred and fifty entertainers are employed in the presentation of the piece. Among the many players will be the noted Ina Claire, Anna Pennington, Fanny Grice, Allyn King, Emma Mable Haig, Tot Qualters, Mae Carman, Gladys Feldman, Virginia Gunther, Bert Williams, Bernard Granville, Will Rogers, Sam B. Hardy, W. C. Fields, Carl Randall, Don Barclay, Norman Blume, Arthur Rose and many others. The celebrated Ziegfeld Broadway beauty chorus is one of the numerous features of the newest "Follies." It is to be given in two acts and eighteen elaborate Joseph Urban scenes. The revue has been staged by Ned Weyburn. George V. Hobart and Gene Buck supply the lines and lyrics. Louis Hirsch, Jerome Hern and Dave Stamper composed the music. Matinees will be given on Wednesday, Thursday (Washington's birthday) and Saturday.

♦

"A Daughter of the Gods," starring Annette Kellermann, now in its fourth week at the Shubert-Garrick, playing twice daily to unprecedented business, commencing with matinee Sunday, will enter into the fifth and last week of the St. Louis engagement, closing positively with the night performance of February 24th. The management sought to retain the attraction for two weeks more, but previous bookings makes it imperative that the engagement terminate as originally booked. William Fox's million dollar picture play seems better the oftener it is seen and as its fame spreads through the praise of those who have seen it, the attraction might remain here indefinitely. Miss Kellermann's aesthetic aquatics are full of thrill and romantic charm.

♦

The biggest scenic production in vaudeville will be shown at the Columbia next week as the headliner on an exceptionally attractive eight-act variety bill.

It is "The Forest Fire," Langdon McCormick's drama of the timberland, in which Sylvia Bidwell and a company of thirty are presented. "The Forest Fire" has to do with the wild ride of an engine through such a conflagration. The scenic effects are achieved without the use of fire of any sort, but entirely by electrical and scenic effects, and the illusion is carried out with such vividness that the most unimaginative can almost feel the heat of the flames. Sylvia Bidwell, in the principal role, that of a telephone operator, directs the rescue of a community almost engulfed in a forest fire. She played the part during the presentation in London. Billie Montgomery, late of Montgomery and Moore, and George Perry, late of Perry and White, a new vaudeville combination, will be seen in "The Two Bachelors of Art." John B. Hymer's one-act comedy, "The Night Boat," depicting scenes on the Hudson river, is presented by the Lewis and Gordon Producing Co. There are six capable people in the cast to develop the excruciatingly ridiculous situations. Others on the bill are Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond in "They Auto Know Better;" Ethel MacDonough, the Boston girl, in a repertoire of exclusive songs; William DeMarest and Estelle Collette, in a mirthful rhapsody of vaudeville tid-bits; Bissett and Scott, premier dancers, in "Hello, George," and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

♦

The Players theater has the distinction of having brought to St. Louis the first show in years that has tempted the ticket speculator and scalper. Standing room has been sold at a number of performances and two young men became so pertinacious in their efforts to sell a lot of tickets they had secured that the manager of the house asked their arrest. The business has kept up so well during the presentation of "A Dry Town," Lewis B. Ely's new play, that the Players announce a third week, beginning Sunday next. After this, it is highly probable that the owners of the play will take it to Chicago for a run and then on the road. The question of filming the piece as an eight-reel feature is also under discussion; if this is done, it will be on a scale that will enable it to compete with the very best in motion drama. No small part of

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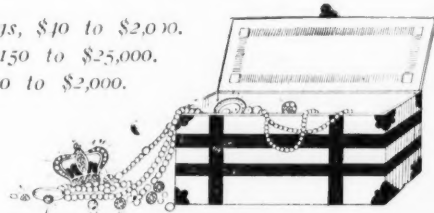
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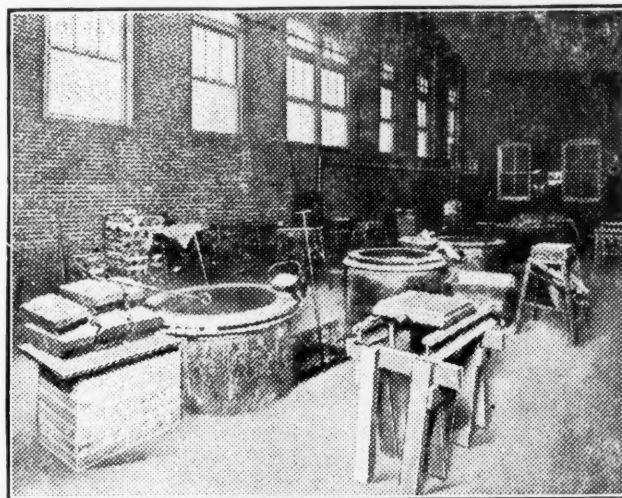
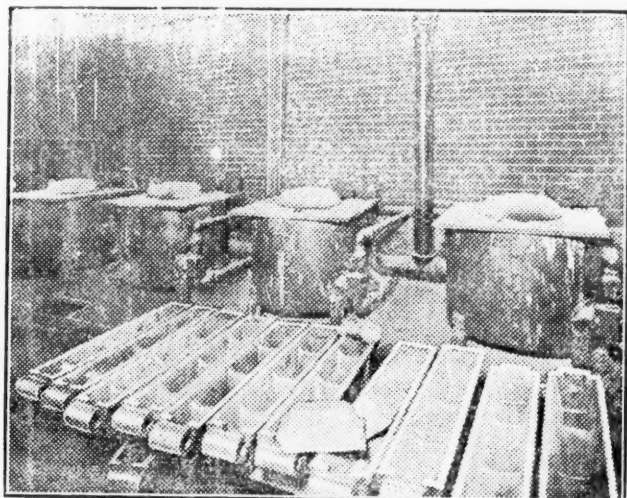
Melodrama of the kind that has had popular vogue during the past several seasons is promised in the new play, "For the Man She Loved," which will be shown at the American Sunday, and during the week. The play scored an impressive hit when it was produced by the Keith Players, the most pretentious stock organization of New York. Gotham's critics describe it as having strong appeal to the emotions and sympathies. While the story has for its theme the fact that "the woman pays," it is not based on any sex problem, but is rather a stirring, gripping narrative of an episode in the life of Mary Ballard, a thoroughly lovable character whose sacrifices for the man she loves give title to the drama. Mystery and suspense are skillfully made use of in the development of the plot and there is an infusion of comedy to lighten the serious phases of the play.

♦

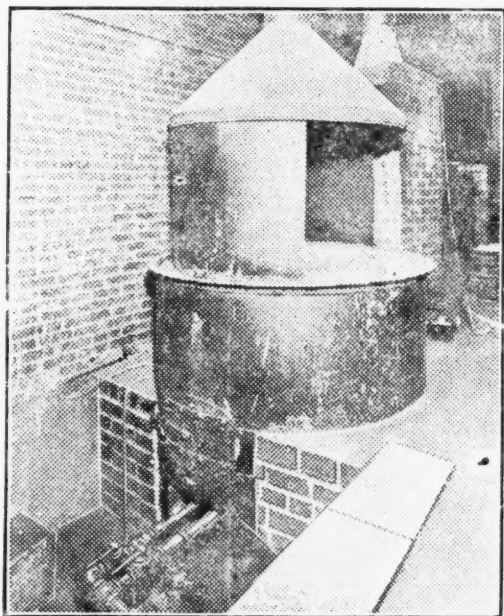
"The Suffragette Review," the latest William B. Friedlander production, will lead the vaudeville bill at the Grand Opera House the week beginning Monday. Its cast of principals is selected from the best that New York can afford, and there is a bevy of girls noted for their charms. It is a musical and lyrical satire in Friedlander's best musical comedy vein. The cast is headed by Flo Bert. It is said in New York that not since the days of Ola Hayden has there been a voice to compare with Flo Bert's. Lupita Perea, a beautiful Spanish girl of nineteen, called "Queen of the Air," will perform marvelous feats on a swaying trapeze. Freddy James, the World's Worst Juggler, a

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✱

The performance by the German theater company at the Victoria next Sunday evening will be a benefit for Mr. Gustave Hilmer, their talented and popular leader. "Hasemann's Daughters," one of the classics of the German stage, is the play selected by Mr. Hilmer and he will play the title role. Those who have seen the play before will welcome another opportunity to witness it and those who haven't seen it should not entire company will be cast in roles best fail to attend Mr. Hilmer's benefit. The suited to each one.

✱✱✱

This Week's Symphonies

Frieda Hempel, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, will sing with the Symphony orchestra in its two concerts this week, Friday afternoon and Saturday night. She will give as her principal number a Mozart aria now being sung only by herself, which was revived by her especially for the recent Mozart Festival in New York. This aria has no operatic connection, and is interesting particularly as being one of the most beautiful and at the same time the least generally known of the vocal compositions of this writer. Her second number will be the always loved "Qui la voce" aria from Bellini's opera, "I Puritani." Mme. Hempel is the youngest prima donna on the grand opera stage. She is not yet thirty but has won the highest distinction in her art in Europe and America, and is one of the leading sopranos of the world. She was a member of the Berlin Royal Opera when she was engaged in 1913 by the Metropolitan management. Besides being a singer of the first rank, Mme. Hempel is a pianiste of more than ordinary ability and a clever writer, too. She has written numerous articles for both magazines and newspapers on all sorts of subjects, and is especially authoritative on dietetics.

A new symphony, the second symphony of the young Russian composer Kalinaikow, will be the feature of the Friday and Saturday orchestra programme. This work has been heard but very few times anywhere, and is to have its first performance in St. Louis this week. A second "first time" number listed in the same programme is the "Intermessi Goldoniani" by Bossi. The other number will be Mendelssohn's Overture to "Ruy Blas."

No soloist is announced for the "Pop" concert of Sunday afternoon, but Conductor Zach has contrived a programme in which practically every section—even the percussion—of the orchestra has a solo part. A drum solo is to be found in the "Spanish Caprice" by Rimsky-Korsakow, and in the same composition there is a solo for violin, accompanied by the snare drum. English horn, flute, oboe, 'cello and other instruments also are featured in solo parts of the various numbers to such an extent that the day

may be called a real orchestra "field day." The programme follows:

1. "March of the Dwarfs"..... Grieg
2. Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys"..... Lalo
3. Largo from Symphony No. 5, in E Minor, "From the New World," Op. 95..... Dvorak
4. Spanish Caprice (on Spanish Themes) Op. 34 Rimsky-Korsakow
 - I Alborada (morning serenade): Vivo e strepitoso
 - II Variations: Andante con moto
 - III Alborada: Vivo e strepitoso
 - IV Scene and Gypsy Song: Allegretto
 - V Fandango of the Asturias (Played without pause)
5. Wedding March, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Music Mendelssohn
6. Dance of the Elves..... Klose
7. Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song" Strauss

✱✱✱

Marts and Money

The week's market in Wall Street was a quiet and professional affair, with plain manifestations of remedial tendencies in some prominent directions. The secondary volume of liquidation was not massive, if we exclude from consideration such stocks as Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Canadian Pacific, and People's Gas, the quotations for which were injured by specific rumors or reports. Traders still professed deep interest in submarine warfare and its hearings upon the official attitude at Washington. Occasional hints that the Berlin government was about to offer material concessions drew little attention. They served, however, to stiffen prices and to lessen the professional disposition to put out short lines at every advance of a point or two. It is taken for granted, apparently, that a real conciliatory move on the part of Germany would cause a brisk and considerable rally throughout the list. We are justified in drawing the deduction from this that the market already is on a peace basis, broadly viewed, and that the time may not be far off when reliable signs of peace at an early date will enthusiastically be greeted on the Exchange. Those more or less obscure stocks which yet are valued at prices substantially above intrinsic merits will be allowed to recede to their proper levels in gradual manner.

Atchison common is quoted at 101; Baltimore & Ohio common, at 75; Canadian Pacific, at 151½; Chicago & Northwestern common, at 117¾; General Electric, at 162; Illinois Central, at 100¾; New York Central, at 93; Pennsylvania, at 54; Southern Pacific, at 92; Union Pacific, at 135; United States

Steel common, at 105, and Western Union Telegraph, at 94. There is positively nothing fantastic in these figures. They represent undervaluations rather than overvaluations, if we bestow due thought, not only upon existing dividend rates, but also upon the great growth in earning capacities, and the extraordinary commercial, industrial, and agricultural development which the coming years will witness in the United States. Much of the selling of shares of this category, in the past two or three weeks, is attributed to foreign interests. German investors are blamed for the smart declines in Baltimore & Ohio and Canadian Pacific. The breaks in New York Central, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific, and Union Pacific are regarded as the outgrowth, mostly, of liquidation of collateral that had been put up against recent British and French loans. It is assumed that other good securities have been provided in lieu of those disposed of in the market. Statements that the public demand for high-grade railroad stocks is unusually poor need not be taken seriously. It hardly ever occurs that "outsiders" are eager purchasers of any stocks after a violent break. Of course, it must be conceded that the Adamson Act, the pending test case in the Supreme Court, and the apathetic attitude of Congress regarding corrective or constructive legislation exert unfavorable influences upon the market standing of all railroad securities. So, also, do the establishment of embargoes and the rising costs of operation. The latter factor has

strikingly been brought home to us by the latest monthly statements of several leading systems, especially of the New York Central and Pennsylvania. The Union Pacific has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 2 per cent, together with one-half per cent extra. From this it would follow that the common stock may justly be considered on a 10 per cent dividend basis. It will be remembered that the company declared four quarterly dividends of \$2 each and \$2 extra in 1916. The present quotation for the shares is 135, or indicative of a net return of almost 7½ per cent. On October 24 last, Union Pacific sold at 153¾.

About eight months ago, Brooklyn Rapid Transit was quoted at 88¾. The current quotation is 65½. According to Wall Street gossip, the 6 per cent dividend will be cut to 5 or 4 per cent in less than six months, owing to decreasing surplus earnings. The president of the company stoutly declares that the 6 per cent rate will be maintained, and that the financial results of the second half of the fiscal year will be decidedly better than were those of the first. Wall Street remains skeptical, though. Independently of statements and denials, it may be said that a quotation of 65½ for a 6 per cent stock of this class does not comport very well with a 6 per cent dividend rate. It denotes a net yield of over 9 per cent. It is the lowest price for B. R. T. since 1908, when holders received no dividends whatever. Shrinking revenues are the chief cause also for the material decline in the mar-

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ket value of People's Gas, of Chicago, a 6 per cent stock since May, 1916. For three years prior to that time, the annual rate was 8 per cent. The falling off in earnings is the outcome of a substantial reduction in the price of gas. The officials of the company would do the right thing by cutting their dividend rate to 5 per cent. On October 18 last, People's Gas was rated at 118; at this moment it is below 100.

The unsettlement in financial affairs has severely damaged the prices for some foreign issues of bonds and notes. The Anglo-French 5s, which retailed, originally, at 98 to 98 $\frac{1}{4}$, were as low as 90 the other day. They have since rallied to 91. In a few other pertinent cases, the declines varied from two to three points in the past two weeks. The liquidation was largely based upon expectations of heavy borrowing on the part of the Washington government. Otherwise it derived from sentimental considerations, or from the *débâcle* in the share department of the Exchange. The prices of domestic bonds were not hurt to any notable degree; the declines ranged from a half to a full point where they did occur. In the foreign exchange market, movements are rather confusing. Reichmarks show further modest improvement, while Italian bills continue to hover close to the lowest notches on record. Another little change for the better can be noted also in the rate for Russian rubles. Drafts on London and Paris are a trifle lower. The latest weekly statement of the Bank of England disclosed a reserve ratio of only 13.35 per cent—the lowest ever seen. In the first week of the war, the record was 14.50 per cent.

The copper market remains firm, with Electrolytic quoted at 31 to 33 cents per pound for deliveries in the second half of this year. There are intimations of additional advances in the next few weeks, despite ruthless submarine war and growing scarcity of ocean freight room. Producers of the red metal confidently anticipate a great enlargement in the domestic consumption. Monthly production now is about 200,000,000 pounds, while monthly home consumption is around 136,000,000 pounds. The exportable surplus, after proper deductions, is estimated at not more than 45,000,000 pounds per month. There can be no question that the statistical position of the industry is uncommonly strong, and that a grave impairment of it need not be looked for even after the termination of the war. The stock of the Anaconda Copper Co., one of the principal producers in the world is quoted at 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ at this day. The yearly rate of dividend is \$8, or 16 per cent, par value being \$50. The high record in 1916 was 105 $\frac{3}{8}$. It is intimated that the dividend rate may soon be raised to \$10, and that the \$16,000,000 two-year 5 per cent notes, maturing March 1, will be redeemed in cash. For 1916 and 1917 the total treasury surplus of the Anaconda is estimated at nearly \$40,000,000.

The quotation for silver is up to 77 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents per ounce fine. This means a new maximum since 1893. In the early part of 1916, the top was 77 $\frac{1}{2}$. There's heavy buying, we are informed, for

Indian account, and uneasiness in China over scant supplies of the white metal. It will be recollected that eight or ten months ago, China was a liberal exporter to Bombay and Calcutta.

Authoritative news items concerning the state of grain crops in foreign countries are, in the majority of cases, not encouraging. Argentina reports a substantial decrease in wheat production, and an almost complete failure of the corn crop. Reduced yields are indicated also in advices from Australia. All but two are three of the European countries report discouraging prospects, particularly France, Russia and the Balkan States.

Finance in St. Louis.

The week's events on the local Bourse were in no wise of absorbing interest. In part, they bore witness to the feeling of doubt and caution prevalent in all the financial centers of the country. There was no important liquidation, though; nor were there startling declines in any leading quarters. Quotations for bonds held notably firm at or close to previous levels. United Railways 4s were taken at 61 to 61.25, \$8,000 forming the total par value of transfers. The 5 per cent first mortgage 5s of the Laclède Gas Light Co. were rated at 101.25, \$3,000 in all being taken at this figure. Of St. Louis & Suburban general 5s, \$3,000 were sold at 73 a price denoting a little improvement. The bonds of the City of St. Louis were firmly maintained at their advanced levels, and the same can be said about other popular local securities. There are no apprehensions in informed circles as to a possible sharp setback in the market for choice interest-drawing securities. Such a thing is considered precluded by the plentifulness of funds and the broadness and keenness of investment demand.

Bank of Commerce fell back on active profit-taking. The total of sales comprised one hundred and thirty shares. Most of them were made at 110 and 111. The upward movement will no doubt be resumed in the near future. Thirty-four shares of Mercantile Trust were bought at 357; this price indicates a decline of \$3. Forty shares of St. Louis Union Trust brought 350 and 351; the previous week's price was 360. Thirty-five Title Guaranty were taken at 10, a figure showing an advance of a point.

National Candy common scored a recovery of four points; one hundred shares were disposed of at 24; eighty at 24.87 $\frac{1}{2}$, and one hundred and fifty at 25. The previous week's low notch was 21. Thirty shares of Chicago Railway Equipment sold at 105.50 and 106; ten Ely-Walker D. G. common, at 100; twenty of the second preferred, at 87 to 87.50; five Union Sand & Material at 86; five Hydraulic Press Brick preferred at 20, and five International Shoe preferred at 110.50.

The monetary situation was not ruffled to any visible extent. Loans were made at rates previously in effect. The average for time accommodation was 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

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Mississippi Valley Trust Co.

FOURTH and PINE

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	101	101
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	115	116
Mercantile Trust	357 $\frac{1}{2}$	360
United Railways com.	4	5
do pfd.	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{3}{4}$
do 4s	61	61
K. C. Home Tel. 5s.....	95	95 $\frac{1}{2}$
International Shoe com.....	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	100
do pfd.	110	110 $\frac{1}{2}$
Com. Acid	160	200
Consolidated Coal	20	20 $\frac{1}{4}$
Granite Bi-Metallic	70	73 $\frac{3}{4}$
L. Christy com.	50	50
National Candy com.....	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	26
do 2d pfd.	90	94
Chicago Ry. Equipment.....	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	106

Answers to Inquiries.

W. W. R., Decatur, Ill.—American Beet Sugar common is a cliqued stock; the parties in control are experts in the game. On February 1, the price was down to 81, after reaching 108 $\frac{1}{2}$ on November 22. Owing to the advance in the regular dividend rate from 6 to 8 per cent per annum, and the declaration of an extra 12 per cent, the quotation has recovered to 97. It is not believed that 8 per cent could be paid by the company after restoration of normal conditions in the beet sugar industry in Europe; it seems reasonable to assume, however, that it will be paid in 1917 and 1918, at least. The position of the company is distinctly favorable. The cost of production is 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound. Fine granulated is quoted in New York at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents. The company has no bonded indebtedness, and the 6 per cent preferred dividend has been paid since 1899.

INQUIRER, St. Louis.—Woolworth common, quoted at 141, pays 8 per cent, thus assuring present purchasers of a net yield of about 5.70 per cent. Some weeks ago, sales were made at 151. It is expected in Wall street that the regular rate will be fixed at 10 per cent before the end of 1917. In the twelve months ended December 31, the company earned 15.57 per cent on the \$50,000,000 common, against 13.18 in 1915. The \$13,500,000 preferred gets 7 per cent. It is closely held, and quoted at about 123.

H. V. W., Terre Haute, Ind.—International Paper common is just a speculation. The current value of 43 shows a depreciation of nearly \$30 since November 10. There yet is a lot of talk about it and its future. It is large-

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ly based upon the financial readjustment plan, lately proposed to stockholders. Preferred stockholders are to be given 14 per cent in 6 per cent cumulative preferred and 12 per cent in common. This in settlement of accumulated dividends. If the proposal is fully accepted, the outstanding preferred will amount to \$25,543,538, and the common to \$20,131,614. The present outstanding amounts are \$22,406,700 and \$17,442,800, respectively. It is estimated that in 1916 the company earned 20 per cent on its preferred stock, and 18 per cent on the common. If you wish to buy the common, put up a stiff margin. The price would be likely to rise twenty points in the event of another brisk demand for shares of this class.

MERCHANT, Monroe, Mo.—The preferred stock of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. is considered a good investment. This is sufficiently indicated by the ruling price of 125, which implies a net return of 5.60, the dividend being 7 per cent. The recent top was 126½. There can be no question as to the safety of the dividend rate, the common receiving a regular rate of 12 per cent, with 4 per cent extra. The preferred would not break badly in case of a serious slump in the general list.

J. C. G., Staunton, Ill.—Cannot advise investments in Craftsmen Auto Corporation stock, of Chicago. There are altogether too many stocks of this sort nowadays, and a period of "indigestion" will be seen at a not distant date. Play safe. Put your dollars in issues of tested merits and paying 6 or 7 per cent dividends.

G. I. C., St. Louis.—The price of Alaska Gold should rise to some extent after a decline to below 7. If it does, let go, and don't feel sore if the price advances further. Don't add to your holdings. There are absolutely no prospects of dividend payments.

♦♦♦

Honors for Composer Moore

The Apollo Club, in support of the principle for which it stands, which is the musical uplift of this community, will attend the Friday evening performance of the opera, "Louis XIV.," by Homer Moore, at the Odeon.

Mr. Philip Becker, president of the Apollo Club, recommended to its members at the meeting held the other evening that the club pay its respects to the composer of the opera "Louis XIV." by attending one of the performances in a body, as an organization, and favorable action was taken at that meeting.

The Apollo Club is largely responsible for the fact that Mr. Moore has for so long a time made St. Louis his home, for it was that organization which brought Mr. Moore to St. Louis during the year of 1897, at which time he appeared as a soloist at one of the Apollo Club concerts.

It is very likely that other musical organizations such as the Liederkrantz Choral Club, the Knights of Columbus Choral Club and the Morning Choral Club, will take similar action.

The production of an opera by one of our own citizens is such an unusual occurrence that all musical organizations are deeply interested and are desirous of supporting the move-

ment to the maximum of their ability, especially so because of the wonderful cast which has been secured to produce the opera, "Louis XIV."

♦♦♦

Soldier M. P.

To me one moment in this filthy war
Glow with unparalleled delight:—
We had been planted out, three weeks
or more,
To hold some inconspicuous height—
A nameless, vital height;

Heavy with muck of mingled blood and
clay,
Down long communication trenches,
We stumbled back to where the rest-
camp lay,
And sank secure upon the benches—
The quiet, cleanly benches.

We flung aside the kit with all its dirt,
The tunic stiff with freezing weather,
Peeled off the louse-infested drawers
and shirt,
And plunged into the bath together—
A dozen men together.

Oh, the grand joy to feel hot water
swirling
Round grimy thighs and shoulders
bare!
To watch the clotted dust in eddies
whirling
From hairy chest and close-cut hair—
The mousy, close-cut hair!

Then to arise and stand in nakedness,
Drawing life up with newborn breath,
And in new-issued uniform to dress,
Clean as a soul renewed by death—
By body-purging death!

And now, returned to London, invalided,
I'm back again in politics,
Holding a height where reinforcement's
needed
To frustrate certain knavish tricks—
Those unconfounded tricks.

So here we cling to freedom's ancient
right,
Hard-won of old for England's kind;
But nowhere is a rest-camp now in
sight,
Nor bath to purge the encumbered
mind—
The talk-encrusted mind.

Oh, but to see constituents washed
away,
To win from mouldy meetings peace,
Feel resolutions crumble like the clay,
And clotted controversy cease—
Dissolve to dust, and cease!

To pick the crawling catchwords from
the brain,
To shed intriguing tactics whole,
To hear committees gurgling down the
drain,
And rise a heaven-enfranchised soul—
A clean, transfigured soul!
—From the London Nation.

♦♦♦

They were discussing the gentlemen
who make the nation's laws. "What do
you consider a successful congressman?"
asked the first man. Said the
second: "A successful congressman is
one who can cause a post-office building
to rise where only a rural route existed
before."



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THE CELTIC DAWN by Lloyd R. Morris. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.50.

Deals with the recent Irish literary movement as resulting from social conditions. The central thought is that the Irish literary renaissance in all its forms—fiction, drama and criticism—as expressed by Russell, Yeats, Synge and the other writers, is but a part of the general renaissance in Irish society. Several of the chapters discuss political and social topics, notably the great change brought about by the agrarian movement.

THE SHOES OF HAPPINESS AND OTHER POEMS by Edwin Markham. New York: Doubleday-Page; \$1.25.

Markham's first volume of verse after a silence of fourteen years. The title poem is an allegorical tale of the Orient with a wealth of imagery and delicate fancy. The "Juggler of Touraine" is founded on a medieval legend of the Madonna, which has been used by Anatole France. The other poems are lyrics on love and youth, war and peace.

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS, ETC., by Ring W. Lardner. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$1.25.

Five laughter-provoking episodes. Try it, if you want to laugh. And if you don't want to laugh, it will make you.

WAR AND LAUGHTER by James Oppenheim. New York: Century Co.; \$1.25.

A new volume of free verse, teaching that in the end laughter will be the salvation of the

world. The book also contains the psychoanalysis of a strangely sardonic personality.

SONGS FOR THE NEW AGE by James Oppenheim. New York: Century Co.; \$1.20.

A collection of one hundred unconventional, vivid poems, full of vehement protest against modern economic conditions.

THREE PLAYS by Padraic Colum. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

These are plays written by Mr. Colum while a member of the National Theater Society, to be presented by his colleagues on a small and barely furnished stage in a small theater, to an audience tremendously interested in every expression of national character. "The Land" was in celebration of the passage of the Land Act of 1903 and dealt also with emigration; "The Fiddler's House" shows the conflict between the individual and the family group in the peasantry; "Thomas Muskerry" shows the same conflict in the middle classes.

LEWIS SEYMOUR AND SOME WOMEN by George Moore. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

The plot of "A Modern Lover" entirely rewritten. A study in human nature. A masterpiece of witty satire and humorous cynicism.

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN by George Moore. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

Written by Moore in 1886, edited and annotated in 1904 and again in 1916.

THE REVOLT IN ARABIA by Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$0.75.

An account of the causes that led to the revolt of the Amir of Mecca from Turkish overlordship, by one who has lived in Arabia and who has made an extensive study of Arabian literature and history.

♦♦♦

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